

THE **Elks** MAGAZINE



Robert Moore

FEBRUARY 1951

What Age Retirement?

BY STANLEY FRANK



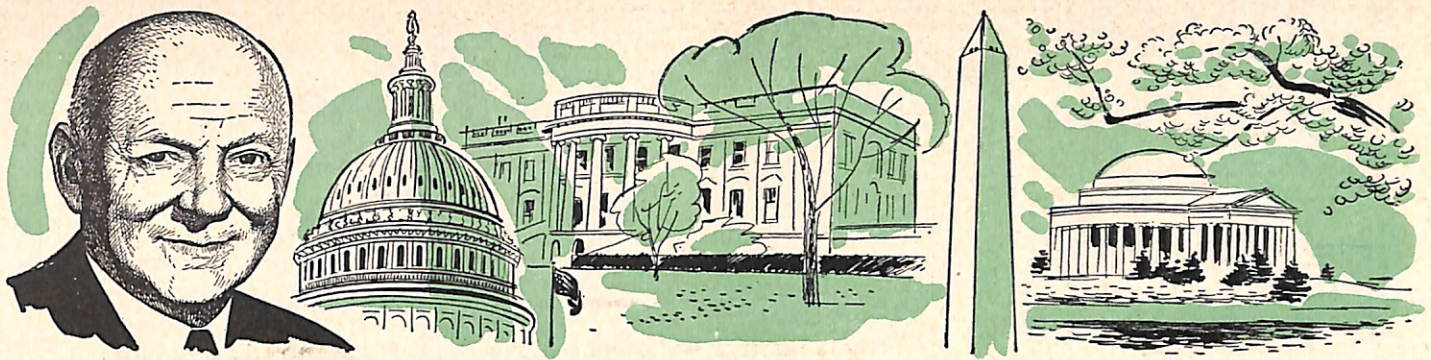
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distinguished explorer, author and lecturer. After earning his way through London University, Carveth Wells worked as a railroad axman, a shipyard riveter and as an engineer in the Malay jungles before making his first expedition to Arctic Lapland. Since then he has been called upon to lead many expeditions into some of the most remote corners of the globe—each star in the map indicating one of his visits. The Mynah bird, above, is a souvenir of his latest trip to Malaya.



TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON has enormous capacity. We plan drafting millions of men; we plan spending billions of dollars and here is a changed Capital, with a new Congress hard at work. Government departments and agencies send out countless directives to a nation mobilizing for full defense under the emergency call. We are trying to make planes, guns, tanks, ships, atom bombs, everything to defend ourselves, in record numbers; to put millions of men and women in uniform; to hold prices and wages from going haywire; to work longer hours and pay higher taxes; to help our allies build up their defenses. No one can visualize the magnitude of the task of changing the pattern of life for a nation of over 150,000,000 people. Washington is tense. Newspapermen cover more press conferences. The table in the National Press Club groans with press releases as mimeograph machines grind overtime. Elaborate social functions are abandoned because of "austerity". Traffic grows increasingly heavy.

MILLION NEW JOBS

According to mobilization officials, the emergency program may mean a million new jobs this year and new civilian workers in Washington will run to around 50,000. It will take at least 70,000 to handle price and wage controls alone, that being the figure for World War II.

BUSINESS IN BILLIONS

Over in the sprawling Pentagon, nerve center of world defense, there is a section designated as 3D 760. A huge sign—**PROCUREMENT**—is over the entrance. Here's where you find out what the Army, Air Force and Navy are buying and how to get government orders for the million-and-one items the defense buildup needs. When you enter the Pentagon in what is called the "Concourse", you go to the information center and one of five good-looking girls directs you. She knows all the answers, pentagonically speaking. To make it easy she quickly draws your route on a card and puts a red X mark on the spot you hope to reach. "Procurement" is crowded these days and long

lists of materials the defense program needs are posted every day. The small-businessman is not being forgotten. Many of the items are arranged to give him a chance to bid, but the main objective is speed and speed and speed.

SEARCH FOR WAR METALS

Search for strategic metals reaches every part of the world. Economic Cooperation Administration has given an American mining firm, Mediterranean Mines, Inc., \$102,193 to operate the historic Laurium mines near Athens, Greece. A thousand years before Christ these mines yielded a fabulous treasure in silver, enabling Athens to remain supreme in the world of commerce for several centuries. Now the mines will be reopened to provide lead and zinc for our stockpile of war materials and for export to Marshall Plan countries.

SAY IT WITH PAINT

Nearly a million children in Europe are using crayons, water colors and paint in an art competition to describe what the Marshall Plan has meant to them. The contest, sponsored by the Economic Cooperation Administration, opened Christmas Day and closes May 31. Children in 11 countries are daubing away in the hope of being among the prize-winners. Prizes will include trips to foreign capitals for the winning kids, their parents and their school teachers. Over 2,500,000 brochures explaining the contest were distributed by ECA. The object—to acquaint the people of Europe with the Marshall Plan and what it means to them.

PROTECTING THE PRESIDENT

Secret Service and White House police are taking extra precautions to guard President Truman. The Secret Service has been greatly expanded and new measures have been taken to provide every possible protection for the Chief Executive. For the first time the public was not admitted to the White House grounds for the National Christmas Tree lighting ceremonies. Crowds were kept outside the fence and were watched care-

fully. When the President, with his daughter Margaret, attended the National Press Club's "father and daughter" night, the National Press Building swarmed with Secret Service men and police. They were even on the roof and in the basement. The President realizes the responsibility of the Secret Service men to protect his life and he tries to cooperate with them in every way. The corps, however, will heave a sigh of relief when the presidential family moves back into the remodeled White House, which will have every known protective device.

OIL AND WATER WILL MIX

Oil and water can be mixed so modern bread stays fresh and moist for days. The reason—they put an "emulsifier" in it. That means a chemical which causes oil and water to mix. Members of a Congressional special committee investigating the use of chemicals in foods sat spellbound as a witness told how, by the magic of chemicals, the surface molecules of oil and water are broken down so that they merge into a stable product which doesn't dry out.

JOIN CIVILIAN DEFENSE

Civilian defense should hit home hard to every person in the United States, but, never having been bombed, and prone to put things off when it comes to preparedness, we are slow to get going. The pattern of defense, whether from the atom bomb or ordinary missiles, is now fairly well defined, but the response is not what defense leaders want. We forget that the whole pattern of warfare has changed. Today nations do not issue a proclamation of war and then line up for a fight. They bomb first and then vigorously deny that they are waging warfare. Japan first used that technique when the Nipponese invaded Manchuria. Hitler and Mussolini used the same tactics. Japan used the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor to touch off its warfare. North Korea had not declared war on South Korea. China is not fighting the United Nations forces. Just a million "volunteers" who are on their own is the idea.

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THE Elks MAGAZINE

VOL. 29

No. 9

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION.

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A message from THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

FEBRUARY 16, 1868. On that date, 83 years ago, a small group of men founded the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. They built more solidly than they perhaps thought. Today, there are 1580 Elks lodges. Our membership exceeds 1,030,000. In terms of dollars, the assets of our Order exceed \$212,000,000. That is a large and imposing figure, but in terms of real value our financial worth is one of the least of our assets.

Far more important is the character of men who have been attracted to membership in the Elks, and from whom have developed the leaders who have blessed our fraternity from the beginning. Our Order has endured and prospered because of the great leadership which we have enjoyed throughout the years. One of the tests of a sound organization is its capacity to produce leaders who are able and ready to meet whatever crisis may arise. The Order of Elks has met that test supremely well.

In the January edition of *The Elks Magazine* there appeared a photograph taken during a session of the Grand Lodge Advisory Committee. This Committee is composed of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers, the men who have come up through the ranks to the highest office in the gift of the Order. With no further honors to be had, they might have abandoned their active interest in Elkdom, devoting the time and energy it requires to their personal affairs instead. But they didn't. In some cases, for more than a quarter of a century, these men have continued to serve, without pay and at considerable sacrifice, simply

because of their love for and devotion to the Order of Elks. Their faithful services are not confined, either, to Grand Lodge business. It is significant, and heart-warming, that these men retain their interest in their home lodges and the State Associations.

How fortunate we are to have the benefit of the accumulated experience, the diversity of background and above all the deep and abiding loyalty of such a group, who, giving unstintingly of their time, their energies and their minds, guide and strengthen our Order, and make it a more effective instrument of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity as envisioned by our Founders 83 years ago.

Today, America faces what is unquestionably the most dangerous crisis in our history. The Order of Elks will be called upon for ever greater service as the Nation faces this mortal threat. I know that every Elk will give his best in support of those who bear the responsibilities of leadership in our Order.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Joseph B. Kyle
JOSEPH B. KYLE
GRAND EXALTED RULER

Editor's Note: With the portrait of PGER Joseph T. Fanning before him and behind him the plaque of PGER John Kinley Tener, Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle apparently was inspired by the memory of these two outstanding leaders of the past as he wrote this message in his office in the Elks Memorial Building, Chicago.

What Age Retirement?

BY STANLEY FRANK

Arbitrary retirement at 65 is economically unsound in practice and unproductive to the community, the family and individual.

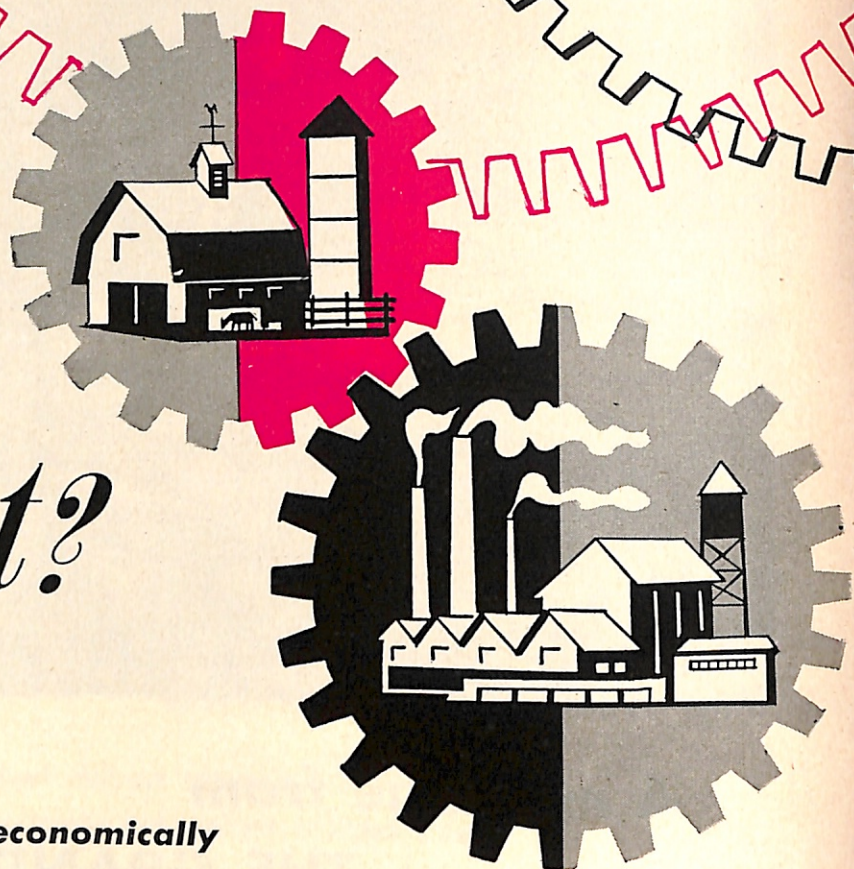
THERE is one incurable condition that inevitably will afflict everyone—if he's lucky. It is a condition that only can be complicated by advances in medical science, for old age is the sole reward nature confers on the healthy, and the fortunate. Old age arbitrarily, but by general acceptance, begins at 65, yet the problems that accompany it are not governed by the calendar. They demand attention 20, even 50, years before the direct impact is felt by the individual.

Almost everyone has been, or will be, exposed to the emotional and economic strains of aged parents and relatives. Even when old folks have independent resources for supporting themselves, there is a difficulty that seldom is solved satisfactorily. Elderly people usually are depressed and frustrated because modern society seems to have no worthwhile use for them. They are bored stiff, and you don't have to be a specialist in geriatrics—the study of old age—to realize that mental stagnation hastens physical deterioration. Finding better purposes than aimless hobbies for the aged always has been purely a family problem, but it is becoming a matter of profound national concern. **The proportion of**

old people is mounting so rapidly that their experience and accumulated skills must be exploited if the United States is to remain prosperous and progressive.

The evidence is at once startling and inescapable. In 1900, there were some 3,000,000 people past 65 in the United States, or 4.1 per cent of the total population. Today, 7.7 per cent are in that age group and they have virtually quadrupled in absolute numbers (more than 11,000,000). In 1975, more than 17,000,000 old folks will comprise 11 per cent of the population. And in 2000, a date well within the life expectancy of your adolescent children, the group will have grown to 21,500,000, or 13.2 per cent.

When the great Chicago World's Fair opened in 1893, the glittering exposition properly was advertised as a preview of the bright future. It was, in truth, an imposing array of the new wonders in store for the enlightened man of the Twentieth Century. An eighteen-year-old boy who gawked at Little Egypt—and more educational exhibits—then had one chance in two of reaching 65. Forty years later the boy grown older who attended another World's Fair in Chicago

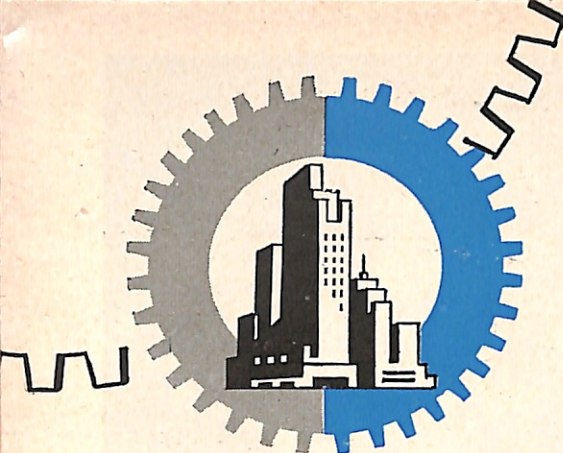


21,500,000

17,000,000

11,000,000

3,000,000



was a walking demonstration that the promise had been performed spectacularly. His eighteen-year-old grandson—who probably traded in Little Egypt for Sally Rand—had two chances in three of attaining 65. Grandfather and grandson represented, in equal measure, a striking trend. Between 1930 and 1940, the total population rose 7.2 per cent, but the ratio of old folks increased almost five times faster—35 per cent. Since the turn of the century, the average life span has lengthened practically 25 per cent, from 58 to 72 years.

Three factors are responsible for these swift and radical changes in the balance of the population:

1. The declining birth rate. It has fallen off one-third in the last 50 years and, despite the recent wartime upswing, the predictable prospect is for further decreases. The skyrocketing cost of living and

the bleak international situation hardly will prompt young couples to raise large families. This means, in effect, that there will be fewer youngsters, proportionately, counterbalancing the longer life spans of those who have reached maturity.

2. Legislation reducing immigration. America once attracted the sturdiest and most ambitious people from foreign countries, but that source of invigorating new, and for the most part young, blood has dwindled to a mere trickle since 1924. There seems slight prospect that this condition will change in the years ahead.

3. The spectacular progress made in medicine and public health services. Infant mortality has been cut from 12 to 3 per cent; diphtheria and typhoid fever have been all but wiped out. Tuberculosis and pneumonia, the chief killers in 1900, now are well under control. Significantly, the two leading causes of death today—heart disease and cancer—usually strike at people who have passed middle age. In the case of heart disease, at least, a more intelligent attitude on the part of the public has prolonged the lives of countless victims.

A favorite story among doctors tells of the glittering testimonial dinner the American Public Health Association tendered in 1925 to Dr. Stephen Smith, who founded the organization in 1876. Dr. Smith entered the banquet hall on the arm of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to a tre-

mendous, rising ovation, of course. Dr. Smith then was 99 years old, but he insisted on making a speech later in the evening.

"I suppose you want me to tell you the secret of old age," he said. "It's very simple. Get yourself a chronic disease at fifty and from then on nurse it very carefully."

Three months later, Dr. Smith died—after nursing a heart ailment for half of his long life.

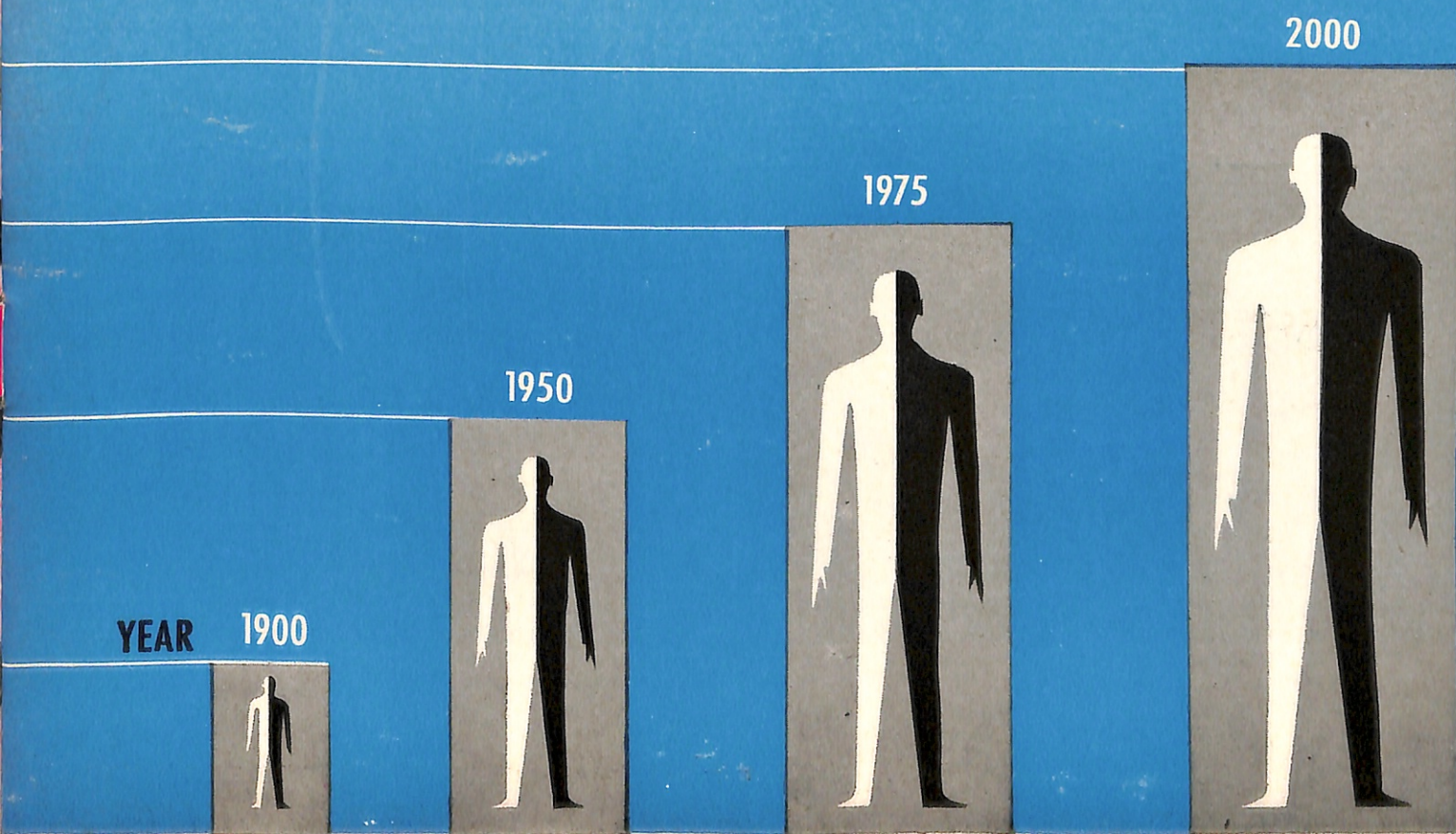
Few long-range social problems confronting the United States are the subjects of as much serious thought as the changing character of our population. A National Conference on Aging was held in Washington in October to draw up recommendations for consideration by the current Congress. Several states are exploring the field, notably New York's Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging, the avowed purpose of which is "to combat the trend of the past 50 years which is squeezing more and more of our older population out of productive and useful life."

Columbia University recently launched a two-year research project to study the psychology and attitudes of 200 men and women between 60 and 65 to refute the common belief that old age invariably is accompanied by physical and mental decline.

"We know more about the problems of the 35 per cent of the aged who are partly or entirely dependent on outside assistance than about the others who are able to take care of themselves quite

(Continued on page 35)

The number of our total population over 65 years of age steadily increases





GRAND SECRETARY WITH OFFICE STAFF

LEADERS OF ELKDOM AT WORK



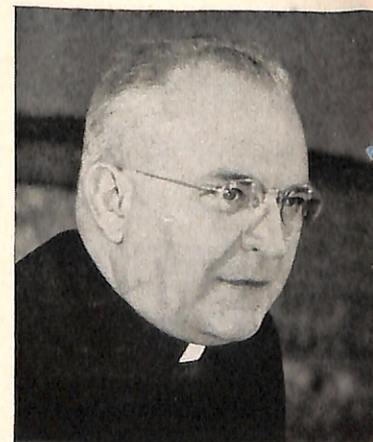
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THE GRAND SECRETARY

ON THE opposite page appears a photograph of the Grand Secretary, Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, surrounded by his staff, taken in his office at the Elks National Memorial Building, Chicago.

Mr. Masters has served in the position of Grand Secretary for 23 years and his office is the heart of the activities of the Grand Lodge and the subordinate lodges.

In the Grand Secretary's offices are kept the complete records of the Grand Lodge and the 1,580 subordinate lodges of the Order. From this center of activity are furnished the various supplies of the subordinate lodges designated by the Grand Lodge for the use of such lodges.

The members of the staff appearing in the photograph are: Standing left to right—F. J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secretary; John Kozon, shipping department; Mildred French, proof reader; Frank A. Vossel, comptroller; Ralph W. L. Crowl, shipping department. Seated: Sally Stothart, Secretary to Grand Secretary, and Grand Secretary Masters.

LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

The work of this Committee, which is becoming of increasing importance to the Order, primarily is concerned with suggesting—and directing—activities of the subordinate lodges. Suggestions for membership programs, problems of lapsations, mandatory services such as Memorial Services, improvement of lodge bulletins and close cooperation with the Elks National Service Commission are but a few of the varied activities of the Lodge Activities Committee in coordinating the work of the subordinate lodges to obtain unified and strong programs.

In the photograph of the Committee below the members from left to right are: Edward A. Dutton, Savannah, Ga.; Lee A. Donaldson, Etna, Pa.; Robert L. DeHority, Chairman, Elwood, Ind.; Cyril A. Kremser, Lakewood, Ohio; Edwin J. Alexander, Aberdeen, Wash.

Second of a series of articles about the men who serve the Order as Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen.



GRAND TREASURER
WILLIAM J. JERNICK AT HIS DESK IN
NUTLEY, N. J.



LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

battle below

BY CHARLES YERKOW

ILLUSTRATED BY
ISA BARNETT

At Bad Water Place in the Arafura Sea you tried your luck once—only once.

A TRACE of fear touched the young diver Steve Gregg as he stood by the rail of the fat-waisted pearling lugger and stared down into the tepid depths of the Arafura Sea. "The richest pearl beds," said the traders and pearlers in Darwin and Moresby, but the New Guinea natives called it "Bad Water Place". They knew—enough of them had died here.

Steve scowled at his own troubled thoughts about the dangers awaiting a diver below. Everything around looked deceptively safe; the waves lapping softly against the hull, the blank lazy sunshine, the low distant islands off the port bow. Nowhere could he see the threat of a shark's dorsal fin, because a good way back, off the point reefs, Old Happy, the skipper, had ordered a barrel of food waste dumped overboard to lure the sharks.

Amidships, Old Happy was shouting his orders to the four native *Soholi* boys. The lugger came about, the sun gleamed off her puffed sails, then the patched and oil-smeared canvas emptied and came furling down. Forward, the anchor went over with a splash, and the ship swung lazily in the current.

Steve turned around to face the deck, where Komon, the dusky shell-opener and tender, was already laying out the air lines and other diving gear. Watching out of the corner of his eye, the young diver saw Big Tork come up from the cabin—the towering Aussie was the skipper's experienced diver.

"Lookin' fer sharks, Steve?" Big Tork called, a tone of derision in his husky voice. He strolled over, his fat fingers fumbling with the cigarette he was rolling. After he lit it and blew smoke, he eyed Steve. "Don't blame you, fella," he said and shrugged. "Take a good look around. This is Bad Water Place."

Old Happy padded over. "Tork," he

said evenly, "I told you to go easy with Steve."

The big Aussie grinned and flipped his cigarette over the rail. "Just havin' a little fun, Happy. No harm." He walked aft, his broad shoulders squared high, a mocking attitude showing in every step. He glanced back once and smiled at the young diver.

Old Happy said, "It's only a front, Steve. Don't let him throw you." He started toward the air pumps, paused to remark, "I'm sending both of you down. All right?"

"All right with me," Steve said quietly.

He stood alone again by the rail. He tried to blank out of his mind the stories he had heard—

The Dutchman from Broome had lost two divers, both to sharks. And the Englishman from Moresby, who had gone down to save his diver from the jaws of a giant clam but had failed, had nearly drowned himself. Another had come, from Darwin, to try his luck, and had wrenched one pearl from the sea floor, a pearl that brought him \$50,000—but his diver lost both hands to a grouper.

Old Happy himself had fished these waters six years ago, along with Komon, and they had the luck for three large, white, perfectly-shaped pearls. But a shark got their diver.

ALWAYS the stories were the same—a diver getting torn to shreds by a shark, or getting his hands bitten off by a grouper, or getting caught and held in the jaws of a giant clam down in those green-hell depths. Nobody who had ever pearled there had returned to Bad Water Place again. Not even those few lucky ones who had succeeded in bringing up the gold-lipped pearl-shell. At Bad Water Place you tried your luck once, only once.

Komon was lining up the boys by the air pumps. Old Happy was inspecting

the line couplings to the divers' helmets.

Steve's fears quickened for a moment. He thought of the native who, on his walkabout to Daru, traded a fabulous pearl for an aluminum pot and egg-beater—when asked where he had got the pearl, the native explained that the devils at Bad Water Place were asleep one day and he had stolen a shell from the ocean floor.

Steve wondered if the devils would be asleep today—just long enough to give him and Big Tork a chance to get a few baskets of shell—even just one basketful.

Big Tork was already in his suit when Steve came over. Komon helped him into the clammy leggings and sleeves. Then Steve sat down on the box and waited for the massive lead shoes to be placed for him to step on.

Old Happy was eying them. "Understand this, both of you," he said. He stood idly while he spoke, his thumbs hooked into his belt, his weight on his left foot and his head cocked forward.

Steve could see that the skipper was worried. Like every pearler along the north coast of Australia, Old Happy was in debt to the traders. Fishing up a good pearl would set him clear and free. But, even though his mind held the vision of a great pearl, he was thinking that they were at Bad Water Place—he didn't want anything to happen to his divers.

"I shouldn't have let you talk me into coming here," Happy was saying, "but what's done's done. Both of you will signal regularly. I'll be on your line, Steve. Komon on yours, Tork." He paused while the big native lifted the helmet and fitted it over Tork's head. The Aussie grinned at them out the open front glass.

Happy went on. "You'll go down first, Tork. Work toward the—"

Steve listened, absently. The skipper had given them these instructions over and over, occasionally with a sarcastic remark thrown in—"Trouble is, you young

(Continued on page 30)

He was aware that the shark
was nosing around and work-
ing up courage to dart in.



Fuel for the Hot Stove League

BY ARTHUR DALEY

Sports columnist, "New York Times"

Author of "Times At Bat"

THERE were only eighteen .300 hitters in the American League last year and the National League had even less, a mere thirteen. Presumably the pitching was too good for the batters. But was it? Both leagues together had only five 20-game winners and that hardly indicates pitching dominance.

This is the time of the year when the baseball season has departed from the activity of the diamond to the conversational stages of the Hot Stove League. All over the country the cracker-barrel philosophers are serving up their change-of-pace pitches in baseball's eternal arguments. So what follows is merely more coal for the fire, more fagots for the flames. You may do with it as you will. However, stern warning should be issued that nothing here is meant for export, especially to Brooklyn. They take their



Cracker-barrel fans again are serving up their off-season pitches in baseball's timeless arguments.

CHRISTY MATHEWSON

baseball much too seriously in Flatbush. After all, one guy once shot another guy in a saloon because disparaging remarks had been uttered about the Dodgers.

The older a fellow gets the more jaundiced grows his view of the present, and the greater grows his yearning for "the good old days" of the memorable past. And we're all getting older, you know. As that renowned epigrammatist, Dizzy Dean, once sagely remarked, "Who ain't?"

Since the easiest way to get this Hot Stove League argument into focus is to use comparisons, let's make them forthwith. The facts are clear in your mind on 1950, aren't they? The American League had eighteen .300 hitters and the high man on the totem pole was Billy Goodman of the Red Sox with .354. The 20-game pitchers were Bob Lemon of the Indians and Vic Raschi of the Yankees. On the other side of the street, Stan Musial of the Cardinals topped the thirteen .300 hitters with .344, while 20-gamers were Warren Spahn and Johnny Sain of the Braves, and Robin Roberts of the Phils.

Suppose we now spin back the clock an even 20 years to 1930. There were seven 20-game winners in Lefty Grove, Wes Ferrell, Walter Stewart, Pat Malone, Remy Kremer, Ted Lyons and George Earnshaw. Nor were they the only top-flight pitchers in circulation.

Also among the more robust mounds-men of that year were Dazzy Vance, Carl Hubbell, Freddie Fitzsimmons, Burleigh Grimes, Charlie Root, Larry French, Herb Pennock, Waite Hoyt, Earl Whitehill, Red Ruffing, George Pipgras and Rube Walberg. Not bad, eh?

A firing squad such as that should be able to calm enemy bats. But did it? Don't be silly. The American League had exactly thirty-three .300 hitters that season and the National League had an even

more astonishing forty-three. Incidentally, only batters who were in a hundred or more games have been considered in this comparison.

Goodman hit .354 last year, but two decades ago there were a half-dozen men with higher averages as Al Simmons of the Athletics beat out Lou Gehrig of the Yankees with .381 to .379 to win the 1930 American League batting championship.

Musial hit .344 last year but two decades ago there were 13 men with higher averages. Freddie Lindstrom of the Giants clouted a rousing .379, and where do you suppose that got him? Fifth place. Honest. Immediately ahead of him were Lefty O'Doul and Chuck Klein, each with .383. Ahead of them was the fabulous Babe Herman of the Dodgers, with .393, and even that wasn't good enough. The champion was Bill Terry of the Giants, with .401.

Although the logic of it might seem slightly incomprehensible, it would appear that the better the pitchers, the better the hitters. Of the moderns the only ones with a chance to take rank with the super-stars of the past are Ted Williams, with a lifetime average in the vicinity of .350, and Musial, .345 or thereabouts. Even Joe DiMaggio seems outdistanced, since he dropped under .330.

Just in case the Hot Stovers aren't familiar with the marks of the true baseball aristocrats, here are the lifetime averages of this half-century's top ten: Ty Cobb, .367; Rogers Hornsby, .358; Shoeless Joe Jackson, .356; Tris Speaker, .344; Babe Ruth, .342; Harry Heilmann, .342; Bill Terry, .341; Lou Gehrig, .340; Napoleon Lajoie, .338, and Al Simmons, .334.

Practically all those figures are even fancier than they look at first glance. In
(Continued on page 39)

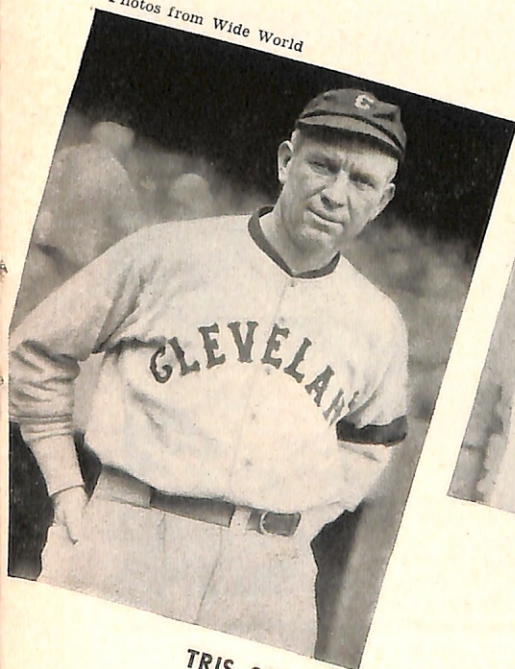


STAN MUSIAL



CARL HUBBELL

Photos from Wide World



TRIS SPEAKER



TY COBB



BOB LEMON



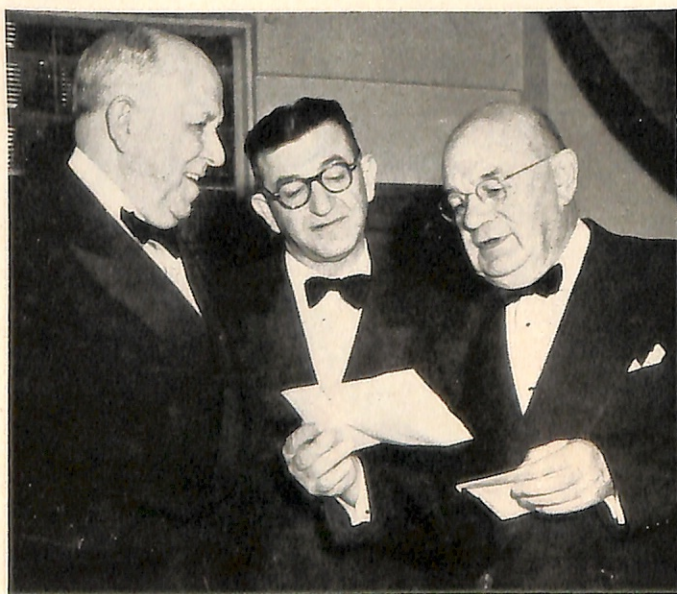
When Mr. Kyle visited Streator, Ill., Lodge, he decorated the memorial to a former member, George "Honey Boy" Evans, one of the country's great minstrel showmen. Left to right: Trustee Thomas Walsh, Executive Secy. William Frasier of the Elks National Service Commission, State Senator Fred Hart, Exalted Ruler William O'Hara, Trustee Harold Murray, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, Mayor Albert Dietman, the Grand Exalted Ruler, D.D. E. L. Scheibel.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

AFTER spending Thanksgiving in Gary, Ind., with their family, Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Joseph B. Kyle continued their visitations with a trip to Pennsylvania. After a most enjoyable stay as the guests of **GETTYSBURG LODGE NO. 1045** on Nov. 27th, the Kyles visited **WILLIAMSPORT LODGE NO. 173** to participate in its 60th Anniversary on the 28th. This is the home lodge of Howard R. Davis, Vice-Chairman and Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, who accompanied the distinguished visitors on their tour through the Keystone State.

Over 900 Elks and their ladies attended a dinner in the auditorium of the Williamsport Lodge home to hear Mr. Kyle's memorable address in person, while thousands of others heard it through the medium of the radio. Grand Trustee Davis was Master of Ceremonies during the program, which included a concert by the lodge's Band and Chorus as well as a professional floor show. Among the Pennsylvania Elk dignitaries on hand for this eventful meeting were F. J. Schrader, Asst. to the Grand Secy.; Lee A. Donaldson, a member of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; State Assn. Pres. Francis T. Benson and Vice-Pres. H. Earl Pitzer, and D.D. Mark W. Williams.

On the 29th, accompanied by Mr. Davis, the Kyles left to attend the 50th Anniversary celebration of **TAMAQUA LODGE NO. 592**. In an eloquent address at a dinner attended by 150 members that evening, the Order's leader paid tribute to the lodge's community spirit, so well evidenced by the many important contributions the lodge has made to the city. Many of these were publicized in a special 11-page supplement to the local *Evening Courier*, commemorating the lodge's Golden Jubilee. Est. Lead. Knight Howard R. Miller was Master of Ceremonies, introducing E.R. George A. Christ



Grand Trustee Howard R. Davis, right, reads a telegram to the Grand Exalted Ruler, left, and E.R. Harry L. Wyland during Mr. Kyle's visit to Williamsport, Pa., Lodge for its 60th Anniversary.



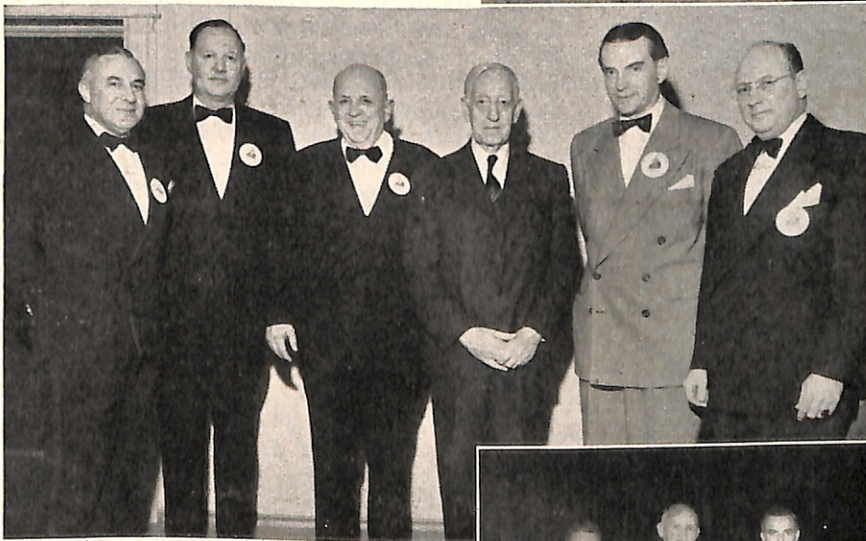
Pictured at the recent Vincennes, Ind., Elks banquet in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle are, left to right: Mrs. Curtis V. Kimmel, the Order's leader, Exalted Ruler Kimmel and Mrs. Kyle.



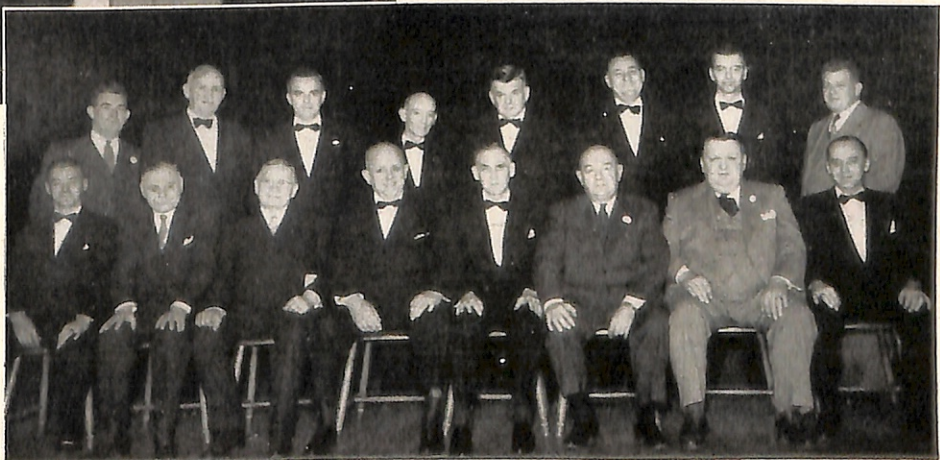
who extended the lodge's welcome and presented Mr. Kyle to the gathering. Among those on hand, in addition to the officials present at the Williamsport affair, were D.D. Victor C. Diehm, N. E. Dist. Pres. Leo Malarkey, Past Pres. Wilbur G. Warner, who received a \$250 donation from the host lodge for the Gnaden Huetten Hospital for which he is campaign official, Past Pres. George J. Post, and leaders of many lodges. Following the dinner, topflight entertainment was enjoyed.

(Story continues on page 48)

(Photos on page 14)



Right: The Order's leader is pictured with officers of Waynesboro, Pa., Lodge and other Elks dignitaries. Left to right, seated: Loyal Knight D. G. Shetron; Lee A. Donaldson of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; F. J. Schrader, Asst. Grand Secretary; Mr. Kyle; E.R. H. Paul Bartholow; Vice-Chairman Howard R. Davis of the Board of Grand Trustees; State Vice-Pres. H. E. Pitzer; Leading Knight Charles Sensheimer; standing: Trustee H. F. Peiffer; Toastmaster W. H. Strauss; Loyal Knight Robert Margin; Tiler R. J. Selsam; Chaplain Ralph B. Manon; Treas. W. J. Davis; Esq. Donald Kline, Past District Deputy Jacob W. Fisher.





CONNEAUT, OHIO



ALEXANDRIA, LA.



NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO



MUSKEGON, MICH.



YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

AT ALEXANDRIA, LA.: Host E.R. Morris Shapiro, Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor and Congressman Overton Brooks, seated second, third, fourth and fifth from left. Others include Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee Chairman Earl E. James, La. State Pres. Roy Yerby and Vice-Pres. M. J. Byrnes, D.D.'s Willis McDonald and Charles Emery. At CONNEAUT, OHIO, seated, left to right: Grand Lodge Committee-man C. A. Kremser, Joseph B. Kyle, D.D. R. E. Myers; standing: P.D.D. G. D. Kingdom, E.R. Donald Childs, P.E.R. G. A Dye. At NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO, lodge officers stand behind E.R. W. R. Wheeler, Mr. Kyle and D.D. Robert Meese. At MUSKEGON, MICH., D.D. Nelson Van Dongen, E.R. E. F. Brown, Mr. Kyle, P.E.R. W. T. Evans and Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight John K. Burch. At YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, E.R. C. L. Donahue, D.D. Myers, the Order's leader, P.D.D. C. F. Eberhart, Jr., P.E.R. D. W. Brothers. At ROANOKE, VA., seated, left to right: P.D.D. M. L. Masinter, Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. M. Sullivan, Mr. Kyle, E.R. L. E. Hurt, Jr., Past Grand Exalted Ruler R. S. Barrett, Committee Chairman P. S. Johnson, P.D.D. C. D. Fox, Jr., Grand Secy. J. Edgar Masters, Secy. L. M. Peery. Among those standing are Grand Trustees Howard R. Davis, Fred L. Bohn, D. E. Lambourne and T. J. Brady; J. L. Walker of the Grand Forum; Grand Lodge Activities Coordinator B. A. Thompson; former Grand Lodge Committeemen N. H. Feder and H. E. Pitzer; D.D. W. S. Chisholm, Elks Natl. Home Supt. R. A. Scott.



ROANOKE, VA.

ROD AND GUN

It's the unexpected sidelights that make the hunting or fishing trip.

BY DAN HOLLAND



WE LANDED smoothly on a broad, flat stretch of the Albany River in northern Ontario, about as far as a fellow can get from civilization these days, and the pilot taxied the plane inshore until the floats ground to a stop on the gravelly bottom. We hastily unloaded our gear, piling it high on the mossy bank, and unfastened the canoe from between the floats, then shoved the plane back into the current. With a wave, the pilot wished us luck and announced that he would be back in a week to pick us up. It was ideal weather and everything had proceeded exactly according to schedule. It was the beginning of a story-book fishing trip.

The four of us, three fishermen and an Indian guide whom we had met as we climbed aboard the plane a short while before, scurried about making camp. If we hurried, there would be plenty of time for the late afternoon and evening fishing, and that's what we had come for. Soon we piled into the canoe, fully equipped with fishing tackle and enthusiasm. The Indian, as mute as his confederate on the buffalo nickel, sat at the outboard and headed down the middle of the river full blast. He hadn't confided in us his destination, but it didn't matter. Trout would be everywhere in this wilderness, and he likely knew every good hole in the Albany. From the air as we came in to land we had seen a big rapids down-river from camp, and this seemed a logical place to look for square-tails, but we were in that first-day frame of mind that we could catch them anywhere there was water. We weren't particular about the spot.

As we raced down the middle of the big river, with the current combined to the speed of the outboard, the three of us set up our tackle and faced the momentous problem of selecting the proper pattern of fly for the first cast. When we rounded a bend about a mile below camp, we heard the roar of the rapids above the whine of the motor. It came on us suddenly and sounded ominous, but we had all shot rapids before with capable Indians at the controls, and of course this man knew what he was doing. However, the water ahead sounded—and now looked—

pretty vicious. Suddenly it became more fascinating than the tackle we were playing with. We were headed for a large flat rock at the head of the rapids and approaching it fast. From where I sat in the bow I conjectured which side of the rock the Indian would put the canoe. The left side looked best to me. All at once it occurred to me that he wasn't going to either side, but directly into it. I grabbed a paddle to break the shock as best I could, the force of the impact lifting me from my seat. By some miracle the rock where we hit was smooth and sloping so that the canoe slid out of the water like a surf board on a sandy beach. The three of us immediately were possessed with the same idea and looked under our feet to see if the bottom had been ripped open. The Indian sat in the stern of the canoe with the outboard still roaring wide open. He laughed.

WE REALIZED then that the rapids had come as a complete surprise to him, and, terrified, he had headed for the nearest dry spot in sight, the mid-stream rock. If the bow of the canoe had been caved in or the bottom ripped open, as by all rights should have happened, we would have been marooned on that bare

rock in a cold, northern climate for a full week. It all happened too suddenly to give us much of a fright, but the aftermath registered heavily. We were in no mood to enjoy fishing. Before the trip was over we did catch some trout, and some big ones, but I've forgotten how many or how big. However, I'll never forget how close we came to spending seven miserably cold nights and seven hungry days on a bare rock in the middle of the Albany River. Herbert, the Indian, by the way, was relegated strictly to KP duties after that first afternoon.

Incidentals—the unexpected sidelights—make the hunting or fishing trip. Routine events, even though they may be successful ones, fade away in time. The thrills and memorable moments most often are the unscheduled occurrences, and therein may lie much of the fascination of outdoor sports. Nothing could be less predictable. Often as not these highlights have little or nothing to do with the taking of fish or the killing of game. They can be frightening, such as being swept from one's feet in a trout stream, or proceeding too far along a narrow ledge, or losing one's way just before dark; or they can be humorous—later at

(Continued on page 44)

Wide World Photo



Even a kit fox is an elusive creature rarely seen.

in the Doghouse

Ed Faust



Dog shows set the standards for pure-breds.

Stand", and the American Democracy is the only dependable organization of its kind in the world today.

Now, what has this round-about approach got to do with dogs? Well, if it weren't for the joiners, there'd be no such thing as a dog club, and no such thing as a dog show. Admittedly, the world would still rock along without them, but it is such active, mutual interest in dogs that has given us the many fine breeds we have today, and without it, the world of sports would be minus one of its most colorful competitive attractions.

What does that mean to the dog whose old man or old lady didn't come over on the *Mayflower*? It means that the greater care and regard given the pure-bred dog set the standards that are bound to, and do, affect all dogs—and, Brother, this

isn't just a fine-spun theory. The owner of an unpedigreed dog will love his dog just as much, and his dog will love him, too, but there's a certain something called pride of possession that the owner of a pure-bred dog usually feels. Let's not overlook the fact that even the outward appearance of a well-groomed pure-bred dog influences public preference, and very often creates a desire in a prospective dog owner to own such an animal.

Now, don't take this as a knock against the pooch of unknown ancestors. That fellow, if a good dog, will give his boss everything in the way of loyalty and affection that any pure-bred can give, but, again, let's not forget that the pure-bred can do likewise—with that little something added; he's usually a better looking chap. His breeders have seen to

(Continued on page 34)

THE other day I was wondering about people's sense of values—a state of cogitation brought about by a rereading of a Sinclair Lewis book. Do you remember *Babbitt*? It was a knockout of the early Twenties. It revealed the average man; the small-town American. Everybody recognized Babbitt. They saw him distinctly—in the other fellow. The word "Babbitry" even found its way into Webster; it was defined as "a smug acceptance of the ethical and social standards of ordinary business and middle-class respectability". How the wise-guys sneered at Babbitt. We felt a little sorry for him, and a mite ashamed when he was introduced to our Superior European Brothers, as well as our own sophisticates. Yes, the smart alecks, Faust among them, didn't think too much of Babbitt. To him this was God's country, and he was a four-square guy. His country, his town, his people were the best ever—and he was a joiner. He was a Lodge Brother in a Big Way and proud of it. Babbitt was a solid citizen; he was a 100 per cent American.

And is there anything wrong with that? Well, between the Twenties and the Fifties, here's one guy who has found out that most of the people he knows and likes are Babbitts. He's decided that an acceptance of the ethical and social standards of respectability isn't such a bad idea, after all—and besides, it's a good way to keep out of jail.

What's wrong with being for one's country 100 per cent, with being a responsible, dependable citizen with the interests of your community at heart? And as for being a joiner—the sophisticates overlook such joiners as George Washington, who was a Mason, the many great American figures who wore the Elks emblem, and were affiliated with other worthy fraternal and social organizations. Every man or woman who is a member of any worthwhile group is a joiner. After all, our American slogan is "United We

Dogs on Parade



Meet the Boston Terrier

In the Boston terrier we have one of the very few dogs of American origin. The Boston is a result of a cross between the bulldog and the white English terrier, dating back to about 65 years ago. Originally these dogs were called roundheads and when first exhibited were so designated. The reason is obvious to anyone acquainted with the breed and

this may also be the reason why these little dogs are particularly noted for their intelligence; there's plenty of brain in their skulls. They're gentle, affectionate dogs and are usually lively companions, particularly for children. Color is more often brindle with white markings, but black with white is sometime seen. This is the sixth in our "Dogs on Parade" series.

ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION ACTIVITIES



"KEEP AWAKE, AMERICA"

This is a black and white reproduction of what is now well known in its true form—the Elks red, white and blue automobile sticker, which is still available in quantities to all lodges. Every Elk who drives a car should take pride in displaying the sticker prominently, either on the windshield or rear window of the vehicle. If your lodge has not secured a supply, do so now. Let's make this a continuing program to keep our fellow citizens aware of the dangers America is facing, and to let them know the Elks are doing something about it.

**James T. Hallinan, Chairman,
Elks National Service Commission.**

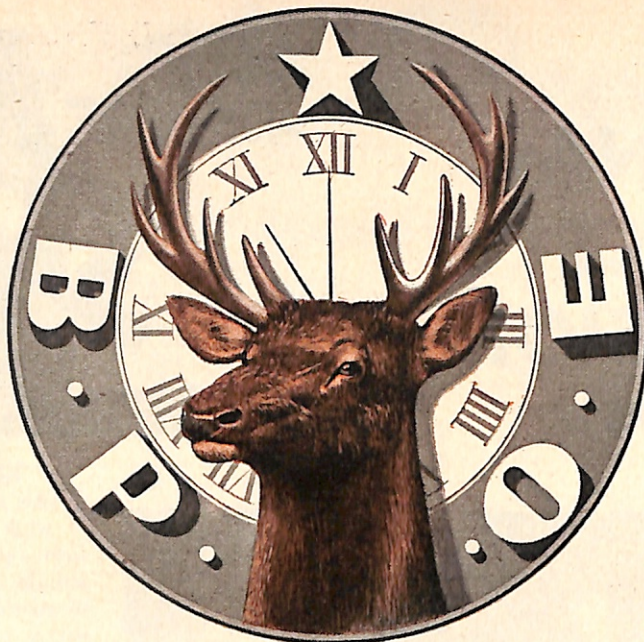


Pictured above are some of the keglers at the very successful bowling party given by the Newport, Ky., Elks. The enthusiastic guests were patients of Ft. Thomas Veterans' Hospital.

The Minot, N. D., Elks orchestra, directed by C. A. Danielson, gave its first concert in the Recreation Auditorium of the John Moses Veterans Hospital. The lodge previously provided the sum of \$42,000 for the hospital site.



Under the direction of Roy Tolle, Chairman of the Elks Service Commission Committee of Temple, Tex., Lodge, chartered a bus to take the patients of the McCloskey Veterans Hospital to see the football game between Baylor and Texas at Waco.



News of the Lodges



Above: Seaside, Ore., Lodge officials present an \$850 oxygen tent to the local hospital. Pictured are E.R. Wallace H. Larson, Elk Trustees Dr. J. E. Vinson, Jens Lerback and William Manion, Mayor L. W. Raw and Joseph Hollowell, manager of the hospital.



Right: At Reading, Pa., Lodge's splendid "Keep Awake, America" Program when 15 men were initiated were, left to right, clockwise: Allentown's Mayor D. V. Hock, Reading's Mayor John F. Davis, Program Chairman Hayden Whetstone and E.R. F. W. Krapf.

Grangeville, Ida., Lodge Instituted

D.D. Leland L. White instituted Grangeville, Ida., Lodge, No. 1825, recently, with the assistance of P.E.R.'s of the other six lodges of the Ida. No. District. Following this ceremony, 116 men were initiated by the State Ritualistic Champions, Lewiston Lodge's officers.

The Lewiston Elks Band and Chorus were on hand to entertain the many guests, and the Band led the parade of new Elks down the Main Street of Grangeville.

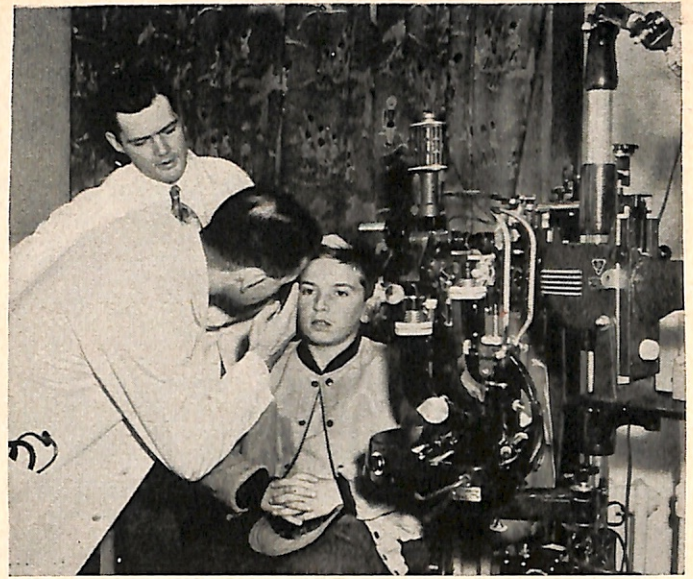
Utah Elks Conduct Novel Clinic

An outstanding project reported recently was the Ritualistic Clinic sponsored by the officers of Utah's ten lodges in cooperation with the 1950 National Ritualistic Championship Team of Greeley, Colo., Lodge.

Feeling that by inviting these ritualistic artists to a central point to exemplify the Order's ritual in the presence of lodge officers, these witnesses would improve their performance of the ritual, the Utah Elks Assn. arranged a two-day meeting at Provo. The clinic took place during one entire day, and in the evening the Greeley officers initiated an All-Utah Class of 14 men. Present on this occasion were Seth Billings of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee, Approving Member D. E. Lambourne of the Board of Grand Trustees, State Assn. Pres. Harold McNeil and Treas. Frank Nelson, and D.D. Emmett R. Blackinton.



Scouts and Veterans participate in the massing of the Colors during Irvington, N. J., Lodge's outstanding "Keep Awake, America" Program at which Frank J. McNamara, Editor of *Counterattack* and Co-Editor of *Red Channels*, anti-communist publications, was an inspired speaker.



One of the thousands of youngsters who are being aided by the Oregon State Elks Assn.'s tremendous eye-care program is examined by competent technicians. Portland Lodge put on a successful minstrel show recently for the benefit of these vitally important clinics.



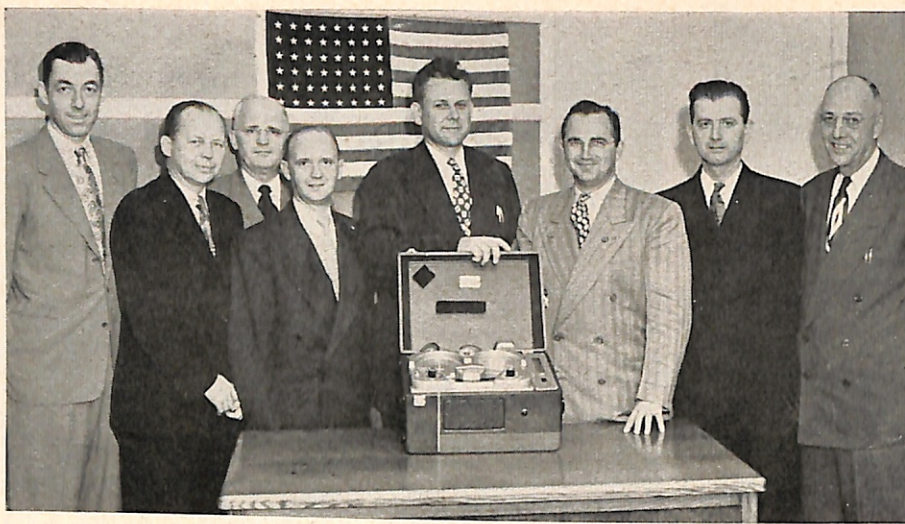
Troy, N. Y., Elk officials present a \$200 check to the Boy Scouts for the erection of a lean-to at their camp. Left to right: P.E.R. A. J. Smith, Exec. Scout Secy. Clinton Rose, E.R. P. J. Purcell, Scout Council Director T. J. Kenney, Scout Council Pres. G. E. Davis and John L. Fleming, former Vice-President of the N. Y. State Elks Association.



At Lima, Ohio, Lodge's unique Civil Defense Appreciation Banquet were, left to right: Lima Lodge Secretary Norman K. Funni, Ora M. Green, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, P.E.R. Fred C. Current, Governor Frank J. Lausche, principal speaker, Allen County Civil Defense Director O. A. Helser and Exalted Ruler William W. Emerson.



These 222 men, the tremendous Father and Son Class of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, were initiated in honor of Charter Member Ewald E. Reiman.



Marion, Ill., Elk and school officials, when the lodge presented a Revere tape recorder to Jefferson School for use in speech correction. Left to right: School Boardman Kenneth Davis, Supt. R. E. McKinney, Boardmen Dr. W. E. Williams and E. E. Morrison, School Principal Wilburn Boatright, E.R. Kenneth B. Powless, John E. Giles, Jr., and John E. Giles, Sr., Illinois State Elks Assn. President.



Here are the members of the Boy Scout Troop sponsored by San Juan, P. R., Lodge. Scout Committee Chairman Ramon Montaner, P.E.R., center, with Scoutmaster Gerard Santerre on his left.



Muskogee, Okla., Elks, who put playground equipment in five city parks, attend the dedication of Elks Park, named in their honor by the community. A memorial stone pays tribute to Lt. Wm. D. Thompson, a young Elk who died in action in 1942. The picture includes Past State Pres. J. Thad Baker, City Councilman Ralph King, E.R. E. A. Mayer and Secy. Warren Butz, P.E.R. R. R. Stanley, Elk Committeemen William Reynolds, Chairman, and Jewell Lomon, and City Manager R. L. Davis.

Sarasota, Fla., Elks Hold Silver Jubilee

D.D. Victor W. Kuhl was on hand for the 25th Anniversary of Sarasota, Fla., Lodge, No. 1519, when nine Charter Members were guests of honor at a gala dinner. They were P.E.R. E. L. Wiederkehr, E. D. Shoor, H. D. Goehring, Bert C. Cohn, J. A. Sansoucy, Treas. Sam A. Idelson, E. E. Skillin, Alton C. Perkins and Senior P.E.R. J. C. Hughey. The occasion also marked the initiation of a class of 18 men, bringing the membership list to nearly 650. One of the initiates was the son of Mr. Skillin.

Sarasota Lodge, which is housed in a handsome home, owns property valued at \$100,000 free of debt.

101 Elks Hold "101 Dinner"

Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge, No. 101, held its novel annual dinner, as usual assessing each diner 101 dimes. Following tradition, the affair was restricted to 101 of the membership, and consequently the reservation list was filled immediately, causing many to be disappointed. The Committee was headed by General Chairman John R. Kenworthy and P.D.D. Frank J. Gilan, originators of the event, and special entertainment was provided. Speakers consisted of many fine orators, including E.R. Anthony Galinski and P.D.D. William Quigley.

The Show Goes On at Manistee, Mich., Lodge

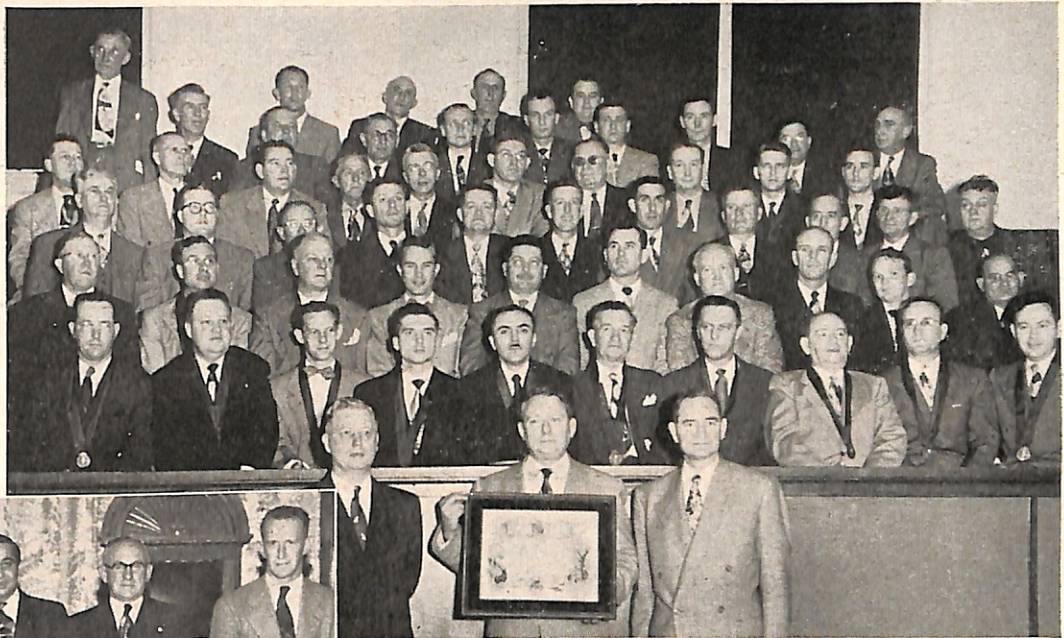
For five months the members of Manistee, Mich., Lodge, No. 250, were hard at work to make the scheduled visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle in December a memorable occasion. Two weeks prior to the date, the membership was gratified at the generous publicity given the lodge by the local press—photos of the building, its officers; the program for the event, all were an open book to the readers of the Manistee newspapers.

Then, on the very evening, a snow-storm hit Northern Michigan. The Grand Exalted Ruler telephoned the lodge at 7:45 p.m. to say he and Mrs. Kyle had just reached Muskegon, 90 miles away, and could travel no further. Some 500 Elks assembled for the delayed 6 p.m. banquet were deeply disappointed, but at 8 o'clock the guests finally went ahead with the dinner, at which State Pres. Hugh L. Hartley was a very capable substitute speaker.

Another Manistee event that went on without the guest of honor was the dinner held by 125 Elks' ladies at a local hotel, which was to have honored Mrs. Kyle.

The class that was to be initiated into the lodge in tribute to the Order's leader was on hand, and its members went home that evening carrying their lodge cards as they'd expected.

Right: This outstanding group of Elks attended the institution of Chaffee, Mo., Lodge. In the foreground, left to right, are Past Grand Inner Guard John T. Dumont, P.D.D. George E. Wunderlich and Past State Assn. President L. B. Pratt.



Distinguished guests at Dover, N. H., Lodge's fine "Keep Awake, America" Program, left to right, seated: Chairman James Kageleiry, Civilian Defense Director Maj. Ben Hill, Secy. Timothy Flynn, Mayor Frederick Smalley, E.R. Arthur McGlone; standing: VFW Natl. Councilman R. H. Chase, DAV Chapter Cmdr. Frank Corson, Past State Cmdr. E.R. J. Follett, Marine Corps League Detachment Cmdt. Vincent Drake.

Cristobal, Canal Zone, Elks' Charity Ball a Big Success

An estimated 350 persons from both sides of the Isthmus gathered at the well-known Strangers Club in Colon for the 22nd Annual Charity Ball of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542.

Many attractive prizes were offered during the program, which included dancing, a buffet supper and the traditional Eleven O'Clock Toast, offered by E.R. Harry Eno, Secy. Arno Zeese, P.D.D., invited the crowd to the Flagpole dedication to be held at the lodge's handsome new home. This newly completed building was attractively publicized in the special booklet devoted to the building, which was distributed to those attending the affair.

Skagway, Alaska, Scene of Gala Elk Home Dedication Ceremony

One of the last weekends in October found a large group of Juneau Elks in Skagway for the dedication of that lodge's fine new home. A number of Juneau P.E.R.'s took over the ritualistic duties, both for the dedication and for the initiation of a class for the host lodge.

The Emblem Club of Skagway Lodge No. 431 put on an entertaining floor show at which visiting Elk C. A. Carroll acted as M.C. One of the Juneau Elks who made the trip via the Canadian-Pacific SS *Princess Louise*, was Elmer Friend, paying his first visit to his home lodge in 45 years. Other visitors welcomed by E.R. Lawrence T. McGuane and D.D. D. L. Stevenson were groups of Sitka and Ket- chikan members.



Homestead, Pa., Elks are proud of this Scout Troop they have sponsored for the past three years. Scout officials rated the group as No. 1 in an inspection of the 20 Troops of the district.



The float these youngsters entered in the El Cajon, Calif., Annual Motor Goose Parade won the perpetual trophy offered by the Elks and presented by E.R. I. J. Wells in the lodge's new home.



D.D. R. P. Mohrbacker, left, receives Ventura, Calif., Lodge's \$500 check for the Elks National Foundation from E.R. Howard N. Rockafellow.



Rutherford, N. J., Lodge's Championship Softball Team with its trophies. Seated: E.R. Wm. Einreinhofer, left; Capt. Jack Moroney, center.

Rutherford, N. J., Elks Report Activities

In traditional Elk fashion, the members of Rutherford, N. J., Lodge, No. 547, observed their 50th Anniversary with the donation of \$6,332, divided in equal amounts, to representatives of all hospitals in the community. E.R. William Einreinhofer handled the presentation at special ceremonies when the recipients for each institution—Hackensack, St. Mary's, Beth Israel, Hasbrouck Heights and Passaic General Hospitals—explained the beneficial purposes to which the money would be put.

Climaxing a successful season of play ending with their taking their third play-off championship for the Bergen County YMCA League, Rutherford Lodge's Softball Team members were honored at a beefsteak dinner given by their Brother Elks. Team Manager Jack Moroney presented each player with a symbolic trophy of the team's prowess in taking the championship three times in four years.

Hudson, N. Y., Elks Have Busy Schedule

The members of Hudson Lodge No. 787 are leading anything but a sedentary life. There isn't a special holiday which passes unobserved by these active Elks, who donated over \$1,000 to various charitable organizations during the past year. More than 350 youngsters were guests of No. 787 at its Youth Bureau's Annual Field Day, when contests and races were put on by the Elks, and an Elk Committee served a healthful luncheon.

No. 787's softball team has added another trophy to its collection by taking the city championship for the second consecutive season. In existence for these two seasons, and coached by Carmine Pierro, the club recorded 54 wins and 12 losses against the best competition in New England and Middle Atlantic States. The Elks' ladies, who have joined the male bowlers in a mixed league, are stealing the thunder from the men, with some better-than-average technique.

All in all it looks as though this lodge is right out front when it comes to or-

ganization. D.D. Leo Watt, who was accompanied on his official visit there by State Vice-Pres. Wm. J. Healy, found an intelligent and cooperative group of Elks on hand to greet him and hear his important message. A capacity crowd included groups from many nearby lodges, as well as from Huntington, L. I., all ready to congratulate the members of the class initiated in tribute to Mr. Watt.

San Antonio, Tex., Carnival Nets Nearly \$5,000 for Charity

Over 50 members of San Antonio Lodge No. 216, and their ladies, gave generously of their time and energy for one full week, in order to make the Elks' six-day carnival the success it was. Trustee Aubrey Kline was General Chairman, assisted by several able Committees, whose members included E.R. W. D. Chauncy and many P.E.R.'s, as well as other officials of the lodge.

A polio victim for five years, 12-year-old Mary Whaley, attended each evening and was the singing, cheerful center of attention. Special features of the affair included a costume dance, bathing beauty contest and hundreds of valuable and worthwhile prizes. By far the biggest attraction, however, was Baby-Sitters' Heaven, a large room where mothers could "check" their youngsters, without a qualm. Well-equipped with all nursery necessities, and innumerable and fasci-

nating toys, the Heaven was under the supervision of four Elks' wives, and staffed by two professional nurses and two youngsters who read "the funnies" to their charges. It's no wonder No. 216's charity fund is nearly \$5,000 richer after this well-planned affair.

Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge Observes 65th Anniversary

A delegation of members of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36, observed the lodge's 65th birthday by making a pilgrimage to the grave of Henry H. Jennings, often called the "Father of Bridgeport Lodge", where Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall placed a wreath.

Later, at a formal observance at the lodge home, Mr. Hall delivered an address stressing the problems of youth. E.R. Joseph D. Lyons presided and P.E.R. Edward A. Dworken was Toastmaster.

Other officials present included the guest of honor, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Arthur J. Roy of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, Grand Est. Lect. Knight James T. Welch, State Pres. Henry Bergmann, State Vice-Pres. Joseph Sommers, and Past Pres. Thomas Clark. It is regretted that the lodge's Senior P.E.R., James L. McGovern, former Chairman of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, was unable to be present, because of a previous commitment.



The officers of Meadville, Pa., Lodge are pictured with a class of new Elks, among them, W. H. Campfield, third from left, foreground. Mr. Campfield, a former major-league baseball player, having pitched for the Giants, at the age of 82 is one of the oldest men to enter into the Order.



E.R. John F. Donoghue, right, with Manager John J. Carver, second from right, and the members of the baseball team which the members of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge sponsor with an annual appropriation of \$800. The lodge's Youth Committeeman, Robert Kelley, stands at the left.

Texas West Gets 11th Lodge

No. 1826 in the branches of Elksdom belongs to Texas' newest acquisition, Midland Lodge, the 11th in the District. Instituted with nearly 200 Charter Members, the lodge came into being under the aegis of E.R. Fred C. Wendt and other El Paso Lodge officials, who installed E.R. C. W. Chancellor, Sr., and his fellow officers, and initiated the new Elks, following the institution ceremonies headed by D.D. Thad A. Steele and P.D.D. E. C. Bunch, Grand Lodge Credentials Committeeman.

Many dignitaries were on hand, including State Pres. J. Rollie Pray, the principal speaker, Floyd Brown, Special Representative, Elks National Service Commission, State Vice-Pres. C. G. Barrett, P.D.D. R. P. Willis, and many others.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Bounces Back With Power

When Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, lost its Charter, following judgment by the courts that it was in default on its building payments, the pride of Elksdom did not go out of the hearts of its members. In May of the past year a reorganization committee went to work and prepared for the institution of a new Omaha Lodge, No. 1817, to the Trustees of which all monetary assets of No. 39 were turned over, under court action. After many

difficulties, the bondholders for the old lodge are now being repaid \$40 in cash for each \$100 bond they previously held, in addition to a new \$100 bond of the Dodge Street Building Corporation whose capital stock is the property of the lodge. This corporation is now indebted in the amount of \$440,000, and with proper management the Omaha Elks expect to hold their home, free and clear, within ten years. The Elks' beautiful lodge room, with the remainder of the building's second floor, has been rented to the Chamber of Commerce on an advantageous long-term lease. The lodge's old gymnasium, which was really wasted space, has been converted into an attractive lodge room, almost entirely through the voluntary labor of many of the members. A mezzanine has been erected at one end of the hall, from which the lodge's talented Glee Club sends forth its collective voice. The space beneath this abutment has been fitted as a handsome reception room.

On the recent visit of D.D. Glenn F. Waugh, this new room was dedicated and used for the first time for the initiation of a class in the visitor's honor.

The Omaha membership is rightfully proud of what it has accomplished in the past few months, and is positive that all its troubles are in the past; stepping forward firmly on both feet, No. 1817 invites all visiting Elks to drop around.



E.R. John A. Radik, Jr., third from left, foreground, with D.D. Glenn F. Waugh on his left, is pictured with his fellow officers and the large class of members they initiated to mark the dedication of the handsome new lodge room of the recently reorganized Omaha, Neb., Lodge.

LODGE NOTES

The very adept team of billiard artists from **SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**, Lodge, again took the State Championship against capable competition from lodges all over the State. This sport is very popular on the West Coast, and has become an annual fixture . . . When D.D. Herbert Carlson visited the **DEER LODGE, MONT.**, Elks he was honored by the initiation of a class of members at a meeting attended by many dignitaries . . . Many times in these columns you've read about **SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**, Lodge's sponsorship of the AAU fights. By now you've become familiar with the name of Rex Layne, the sensational boxer who won a TKO over Joe Wolcott recently. Well, Rex is a Salt Lake boy and got his start as an amateur fighter at the Elks lodge home . . . When **QUINCY, MASS.**, Lodge paid tribute to its Old Timers not long ago, 70-year-old Wm. J. Corcoran, an Elk for 30 years, received a special plaque from E.R. E. L. Hughes . . . **ALHAMBRA, CALIF.**, Lodge celebrated its 35th Anniversary with many of Elksdom's officials present. Among them were Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and State Pres. Ben W. Osterman, who saw Charter Members Fred A. Turner and Judge H. S. Farrell receive special Service Pins from E.R. Joseph A. Hille-gass . . . **WORCESTER, MASS.**, Lodge put on a topflight vaudeville show and luncheon for about 60 blind persons, a pleasant program capably handled by Chairmen Ralph Gerrish, Wm. A. Judge and Henry Freeman . . . **TROY, N. Y.**, Lodge, together with other lodges of the Capitol District, inaugurated an unusual program, in commemoration of the anniversary of the UN adoption of the Declaration of Human Rights. Over the Dec. 10th weekend these Elks presented a half-hour patriotic radio play entitled "Abraham Lincoln Visits the United Nations," written and produced by Troy P.E.R. T. M. Guerin, Jr., with Albany P.E.R. D. H. Prior portraying Lincoln. The program was broadcast over seven stations, and evidently was extremely realistic, since as the result of many telephoned inquiries, the first station to broadcast the play made a special announcement to the effect that the events were fictitious.

Grand Island, Neb., Minstrel Show Revived

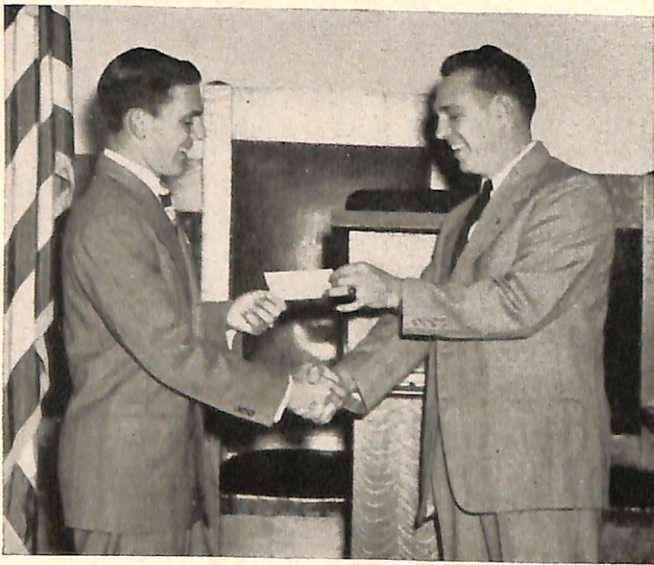
After an absence of 15 years, the Grand Island Elks Minstrel Show has been revived and it's more popular than ever. E.R. George Ferguson and a group of interested members are responsible for once again beginning this happy activity that for many years added substantially to the lodge's Crippled Children's work.

The director, Bob Branson, had little trouble finding talent for the cast which was made up of Elks and businessmen. That it was appreciated was evidenced by the enormous crowd on hand to enjoy both performances.

In addition to the Minstrel, there were several specialty acts, and, of course, the Elks Glee Club, one of the community's most popular musical groups, played a large part in the program.



E.R. Elmer M. Mikes, seated, pictured at the 25th Anniversary of Cicero-Berwyn, Ill., Lodge with, standing left to right, Past Exalted Rulers Joseph F. Krizek, James J. Seidel, Otto Nemec, Charles J. Fencil, Joseph C. Kropacek, Jr., Geo. W. Kralovec, Anthony F. Nesbet, Jerry B. Silha, Joseph R. Dvorak, Edward Kadlec, Anton Cervenka, Frank T. Sedlacek, Rudolph Kluiber and George A. Jaros.

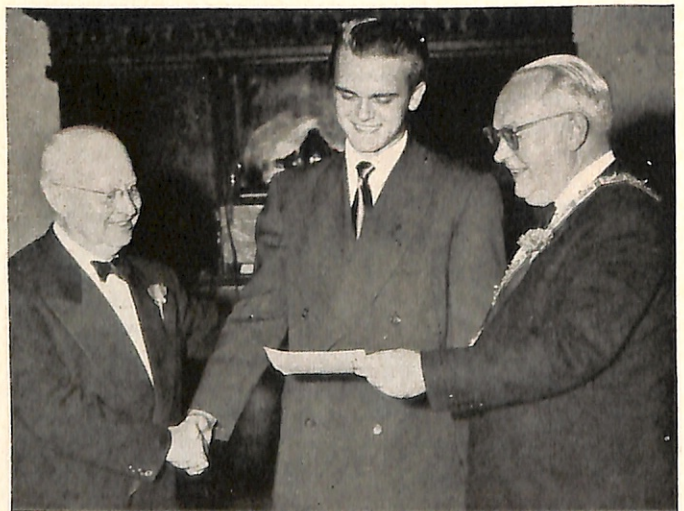


George Karabatsos receives a \$300 Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee Award for that Zone from E.R. F. W. Jones of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge.



Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge's "101 Dinner" Committeemen, left to right: Louis Coluni, P.D.D. Frank Gillan, John Kenworthy and George Dickson.

Below: Following the successful sponsorship of the Horace Heidt Show by Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Lodge, three young men were selected for competition in the nationwide Youth Opportunity Radio Program at Marion, Ind., also Elk-sponsored. Leaving for Marion are The Trumpeters, Fred Sheffer, David Denniston and Bill Nobles, with P.E.R. Bernard T. Ziegler. Later the boys went to Erie, Pa., for a television appearance.



Above: E.R. Errol D. Wilson of Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge, right, presents one of the nine California Elks National Foundation Scholarships to Norman Fellers as D.D. Earl J. Williams, left, congratulates the student. At the same event, Patricia Lieftrinch, a leader in the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee Contest for that Zone, received an Elk Award.

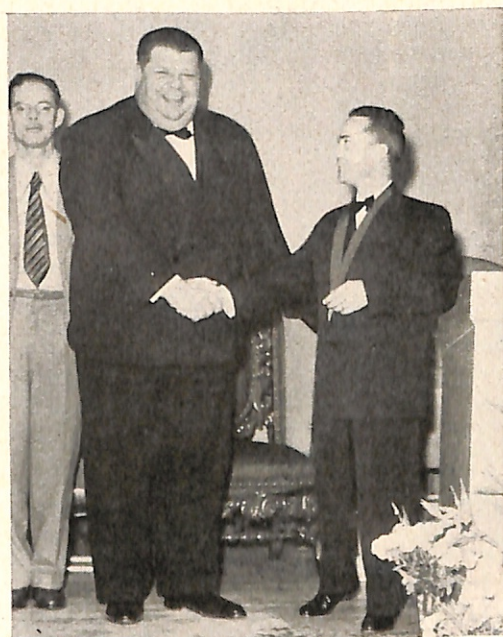


Left: Wallace, Ida., Elk officers, members of the Elks Band Committee, Lt. Cmdr. Charles Brendler, Band Director, and G. Standefer, Tour Director, prior to the shiny payoff when the U. S. Navy Band, playing there under the Elks' aegis, received its pay in 4,500 silver dollars.

Below: Twelve-year-old Mary M. Whaley, a victim of polio, voted "Queen of the Elks" for her participation in San Antonio, Tex., Lodge's six-day Carnival to help its Free Hospital for Crippled Children, looks over the prizes with P.E.R. Joseph A. Sweeney.



NEWS OF THE LODGES



D.D. Willard Smith, Jr., the largest Deputy ever to serve in the Calif. So. Dist., is greeted by E.R. Wm. Merideth, the smallest E.R. ever to serve Oceanside, Calif., Lodge. Left: Escondido P.E.R. L. D. Peitzke.



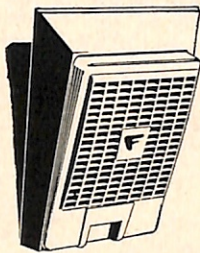
Above is the float entered in the Baxter County Fair Parade by Mountain Home, Ark., Lodge, planned by Elk Lloyd Fisk, Crusade for Freedom Chairman.



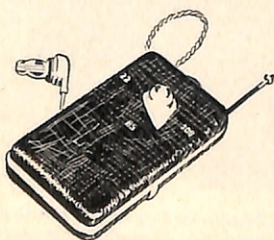
E.R. E. G. Smith and his uniformed fellow officers, the 1950 National Ritualistic Champions of Greeley, Colo., Lodge, pictured with local,

State and Grand Lodge officials who attended the Ritualistic Clinic conducted by the ten lodges of the Utah State Elks Association.

GADGETS & GIMMICKS



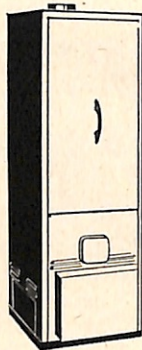
FOLLOWING the trend which dictates that a new product should have more than one use, the makers of this item really went to work. They have come up with a product that does four things, and does them well. First and foremost it is a wall-type bathroom heater. It also has a fan which has a powerful cooling effect during summer months. Third, it acts as a dryer for hand-washed garments. Fourth, it serves your wife well by turning itself into a professional hair dryer in no time at all. If nothing else, this use of the machine will keep your wife from wandering around the house after washing her hair. The unit can be hung on the bathroom wall without ripping the plaster to shreds, and when put in place looks like a built-in unit.



FOR your listening pleasure while riding within range of an FM station, here is one of the smallest radios we've ever encountered. Its size: 5 by 2½ by 1 inch. Utilizing not "miniature", but what they call "subminiature" tubes, this two-control FM radio with self-contained batteries will work in cars, trains, buses, steel buildings—anywhere, for all practical purposes. There's also a built-in telescoping antenna and earphones, too, if the music isn't appreciated by those near you, or if you want to listen in private. Its range is good and it covers the full FM band from 88 to 108 megacycles.

WHAT with clutches disappearing from American cars at an amazing rate, there's very little for a driver's left foot to do. Rather than have your left foot atrophy from lack of use, here's what one ingenious company thought up: a left-footed throttle. Its advantages are instantly recognized. The overworked

right foot in a clutchless car must alternate between stepping on the throttle and the brake. Now, with the regular throttle linked to an auxiliary foot throttle on the left side of the floor, the right foot can worry about the brake while the left one applies the gas. All you have to do is go through a short training course with your feet to get them used to the new situation.



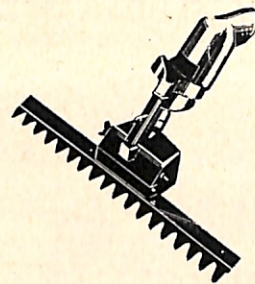
HERE'S one of a series of new warm-air furnaces that has advantages worth mentioning. Now that we've entered the no-base-ment era of house-building, furnaces are moving up to utility rooms on the ground floor. High building costs account for most of this trend but alert manufacturers like this one have managed to come up with equipment that meets the problem. This furnace, which may be either oil- or gas-fired, has a 64,000 BTU heating capacity and features compactness. Only 22 by 22 inches deep, it will fit into a closet as small as 2 by 2½ feet. Designed for under-the-floor ducts, it will do the job of heating small homes and vacation cabins very well indeed.

HERE'S one way to keep rust from your gun without cleaning it every week. It's a waterproof and rustproof gun pouch made of plastic. In the pouch is enough of a special chemical to keep rust away for a whole year. The pouch itself is claimed, and guaranteed, to be oil, grease, dust, acid and alkali proof. There's another use for the pouch if you don't happen to be a hunter. It will take and store precision machine tools and keep them free from rust.

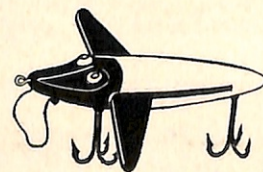


ONE of the great drawbacks to most executive-desk pen and pen holder sets is that after a short time the pen point gets battle-weary from being flung into the pen holder. We've seen some

pens where the point has crumpled, curled and curdled so that it could serve only as an impressive fixture, nothing more. Now there's a unique pen and holder which prevents this unfortunate state of affairs. The pen has a delicate spring-action point which immediately adjusts to any writing pressure. Held securely in the holder by means of a magnet in the base, the pen is less likely to be damaged.



APARENTLY the greatest single contrivance for home owners that has been developed over the past ten years is the portable electric drill. Not that everyone has to drill things with it; it's because manufacturers haven't yet ceased devising attachments which convert it into a machine with myriad uses. Here's a new one, and we assure you it is not too early to begin thinking about it. With the attachment, any ¼" electric drill becomes a two-speed lawn trimmer, hedge cutter and edger. It cuts easily under trees, flower beds, shrubbery and fences, edges lawns and trims hedges. We know it sounds improbable, but so do a lot of other things these days.



FISHERMEN will go to any length to catch fish; that is, as long as they don't violate their rigid code of sportsmanship. Following close behind fishermen are the people who devise cunning lures for bait. Here's one that does everything but whistle. The lure has small wings which move back and forth as the line is jerked through the water. Its manufacturer claims that the lure is irresistible to large bass. That's good, since it implies that small bass find the will power to resist biting, which saves you the trouble of throwing undersized fish back in the lake.

(Continued on page 35)

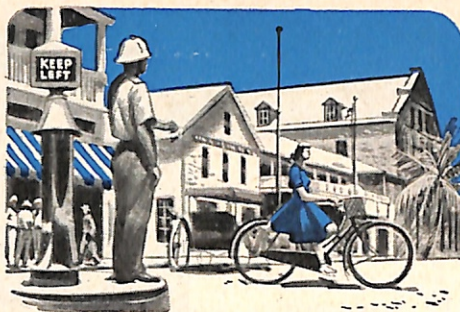
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For ELKS who TRAVEL

***From Mt. Hood to Sunapee, skiing
is winter's great vacation sport.***

BY HORACE SUTTON

THERE is hardly a meteorologist in the land worthy of the handle who hasn't come out and predicted a heavy snow this winter. Since many a bush league pitcher often comes up with a better batting average than many a weather man, some technicians in the east have devised a method for making their own snow. The system already in use at Split Rock Lodge at White Haven, Pa., consists of a Diesel air compressor which blows out a mixture of air and water in a fine spray. At freezing temperatures the mixture, which can be blown a hundred feet, turns to snow crystals which often gather other unfrozen air particles on the way to the earth. More water makes for a wet snow, less water for a fine powder which is good for a ski surface.

Each nozzle can wheeze a ton of snow every four minutes, which may seem like a lot until you try to blanket a mountain. To cover Split Rock's Big Boulder would take forty-five hours, and no less a water supply than, say, a running brook. If you want to know how much snow costs, Split Rock has spent \$80,000 on its installation, although the manufacturer says that you can make snow in your own backyard, or your driveway, for example, for a mere \$30,000.

NEW ENGLAND WAY

Up in New England, Mount Sunapee State Park in New Hampshire has been using a nozzle and air system originally perfected to lay warm fog over crops as a protective frost blanket. Invented by the Tropeano Brothers, the New England device costs only \$32 a nozzle, the pipes and fittings being extra. Sunapee has contracted for two dozen nozzles, a battery capable of blizzing a tract 60x250.

Well, having made artificial rain, artificial sun, ersatz heat, and incandescent light, it is a relief to know that the scientists and the engineers have gotten around to artificial snow before they decide to blow the whole place up.

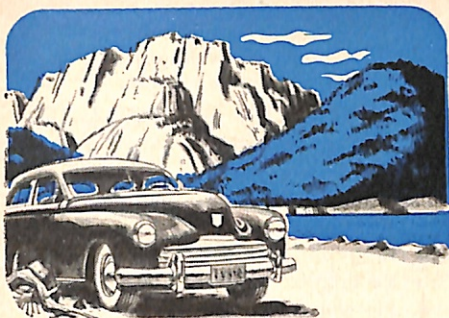
Anybody bound for Stowe, Vt., the Laurentians or the Gattineaus this winter to ski on real or phony snow can rent a car upon arriving at the airport from New York. Colonial Airlines, perhaps the most ski-conscious of the fly lines, has arranged for skiers landing at Burlington, Montreal, or Ottawa to drive off the runway in a car fitted with ski racks and enough gas and oil to take you seventy-

five miles. The rates run \$4.75 per person in Vermont, and \$6 per person in Canada, five to a car, and a forty-eight-hour rental.

Up at Bear Mountain in New York State, the promoters are buzzing about a new sport: night ski jumping under lights, first introduced up there last January. Jumpers and spectators are claiming a new arc-light spectacle to compete for popularity with night baseball and



Speed skier on the slalom run at Aspen, Colo.



football. Adjacent to the outrun of the ski jump there is a 3,000-car parking lot and those who come early can watch the jumps from their own heated auto. Bear Mountain Inn is open daily for meals. On Saturday dinner is served until nine and dancing for those not too tired from skiing begins at ten.

Farther up state, the Lake Placid High School Winter Carnival and the Skidmore College Carnival, which includes skiing, skating, snow sculpture, and a carnival ball, are both scheduled for the week-end of February 16-17. Meanwhile at Placid the bobsled boys will be breaking their necks on the Mount Hovenberg run which has a new meet almost every week-end. Skiers will compete at Placid on February 10-11 in the Combined Women's Downhill Slalom for a trophy donated by Kate Smith.

TRY SKATE SAILING

Up in Vermont, the keen Yankees have stopped moaning about the lack of snow during the past few years and have emerged with a new, alternate, exciting sport—skate sailing. The skater carries his own individual sail, a sheet of canvas that may vary from thirty-five to fifty-five feet square. He rests the boom on his shoulder and holds onto the mast with both hands. Leaning into the wind, the skater can whip up a speed of nearly fifty miles an hour, depending upon the wind of course, not to mention possible holes in the ice. To stop, the skate-sailor lifts the sail directly over his head. To slow down he can let the wind spill over the canvas, or else use a smaller sail. If you have a wee one around the house he can sail too with a rig made of a spare piece of muslin and a pair of poles lashed in a T-formation.

Out in the west, the town of Climax, Colo., has discovered night skiing, too. The powder is so deep, they say, that a spill won't injure you. Moonlight schussing, the Westerners insist, is easier than skiing by the flat light of the winter afternoon sun. Skiers who use the runs at Climax can put up at Leadville, the highest city in the U.S.A., once the center of the mining boom of the 1860's and 70's, one of the most colorful eras in our history.

Elsewhere in Colorado, the town of Gunnison has added skiing to readin' 'ritin', and 'rithmetic, as a standard part

of the school curriculum. However, a town with the improbable name of Steamboat Springs and the resort of Aspen, both in Colorado, were the leaders in making skiing part of learning.

RACING SCHEDULE

At Aspen, incidentally, the North American championships will be held on February 24 and 25. The giant slalom for the Roch Cup will take place on Friday the 23rd. The North American championships will be the first of three tryouts in downhill and slalom in the selection of candidates for the 1952 Olympics to be held at Oslo. Following the North American championships on successive week-ends will be the National Championships in downhill and slalom at Whitefish, Montana, and the actual pre-Olympic tryouts at Sun Valley, the famous vacation resort.

SKIWAY ON MT. HOOD

Way out west on the West Coast, the big ski news is the opening, scheduled for early this year, of Mt. Hood's new Skiway—an aerial tramway the size of a bus that will lift skiers from State Highway No. 50 and deposit them at Timberline Lodge, three miles away. The terminus, just fifty-five miles east of Portland, will be home base for the sky buses which can take thirty-six skiers seated and fourteen others standing. Each coach is self propelled, looks like an actual motorbus, and travels at tree-top level rather like a hedge-hopping pilot. Coaches are heated, fitted with reversible upholstered seats, and have front and rear exits. The attraction will be open all the year around for the benefit of those summer visitors who would like to ride in the car that looks like a bus, hangs on cables, and flies up the mountain like an airplane. Maybe this is The Thing everybody has been making so much noise about.

PLANNING A TRIP? Travel information is available to *Elks Magazine* readers. Just write to the Travel Department, *Elks Magazine*, 50 East 42nd St., N. Y., stating where you want to go and by what mode of travel. Please print name and address. Every effort will be made to provide the information you require. Because of seasonal changes in road conditions, if you are traveling by car be sure to state the exact date that you plan to start your trip.

See

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"thrift season"

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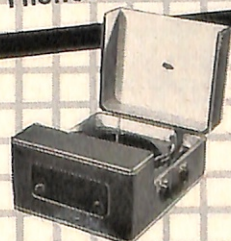
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Battle Below

(Continued from page 8)

ones think you know it all. One or two practice dives, and you think you're an expert." Steve wasn't thinking anything like that. He well realized that a dive in sheltered waters back in the States was one thing, and a pearling dive here in the treacherous Arafura was distinctly another thing.

He glanced sideways at the big Aussie. Tork's belt was on, and his shoes were strapped. He was washing his hands in the pail of soda water. The skipper was talking to him, leading him to the ladder, helping him over the side. Steve felt sweat stand out on his own face as Tork's helmet sank out of view. Komon stood by the rail, tending the lines. The pumps were going.

Steve's own lead shoes were now strapped on, then the heavy waist belt. He lifted one weighted foot, then the other. "Okay," he said. He held out his arms for Happy to check the tight wrist bands.

"Want a cigarette?" Happy asked glumly.

Steve shook his head.

Hesitatingly, the skipper said, "Keep your head, Steve—no matter what happens down there. Tork can take care of himself, but you're—"

"This trip'll be good experience, Happy." Steve cut in and smiled.

Happy's face twitched slightly. "Remember that a shark's a coward. If one comes near, dump your air to chase it. Keep a sharp lookout. The grouper is a bottom fish, and lazy. If you see one, close your valve and signal for air. Float up aways."

There was more advice, and more, as there had been back in port. He listened. Happy put the pail of soda water before him. "Wash your hands good."

The soda-water wash wouldn't last long in the sea—after that, the grouper's habit of sniffing out a diver's hands and biting them off—

Steve tapped the copper helmet next to him. "Come on. Get this pot on me."

The skipper lifted the helmet and fitted it expertly to the metal breastplate of Steve's suit, and again checked the air-line couplings.

"Ol good!" Komon called over his shoulder. "To'k on bottom. Ol good!"

With the helmet partly closing off the world from him, Steve looked out the open front glass and listened to the metallic *clack-clack* of the air-pump plunger. He felt strangely alone. The round vision glasses gave him only a narrow view of the deck, sea and sky.

Old Happy led him to the wooden ladder. Weighed down with the lead shoes and waist belt, Steve walked slowly, clumsily. Happy closed the front glass and tapped the helmet in a gesture of good luck.

A sense of helplessness gripped Steve.

Inside the helmet the rhythmic *clack-clack, clack-clack* of the pump plunger seemed far away. This would be the one solitary sound coming down to him from the outside world. He went step by step down the ladder.

When the sea covered his front glass he glanced up to see Happy and Komon gazing down at him. Then another step and the silent undersea world appeared like a wavy phantom screen of fading brightness. He could see the length of the lugger's hull, Big Tork's lines swaying away from the bow, and not far from him the baskets and crowbars being lowered. Orientating himself for the last time, he let go the ladder and sank slowly downward.

He should have signed on the inter-island freighter, he told himself miserably. And if he wanted any part of pearling, Happy should have fished off the more sheltered lagoons.

Steve felt the light tug on his life line as Old Happy, acting as his tender, took up the slack. He looked up and saw the dark shape of the hull drifting away from him. Sweat rolled down his neck when he thought of the dangers awaiting him on the sea bottom. The sweat bothered him—but there was no way to get his arm inside the helmet and wipe away the irritating rivulets.

Suddenly the line gave a sharp, hard tug, momentarily snapping him around, then he fell free. What had been a bright undersea world changed to a thick soupy gloom. He wondered why the lines had been tugged back so hard. The hard coral floor struck his feet and the current toppled him over.

He fought to get up on his feet.

Standing up, fighting the current, he felt the lack of air. Inside the helmet a hollow hum sounded—there wasn't the faintest trace of the rhythmic *clack* of the air pump. Sensing that something was wrong, he reached up and closed off the air valve, then the exhaust valve. He found the lines, and began pulling them to him. They ended in his hands. He lifted both ends, the life and air line, to the front glass and looked at their jagged edges.

He warned himself not to let panic grip his mind. His lines had snapped. Why? With the reduced air pressure, he could feel the water seeping into the old suit through the many cracks around the leggings, the water already covering his ankles. "The lousy luck," he said half-aloud; the hollow booming sound of his own voice inside the helmet startled him.

In the gloom, not far ahead, Steve saw Big Tork fighting the current and moving slowly toward him. Tork came on, his hands working a hitch in the line trailing behind him. He put a finger in front of Steve's glass and pointed up, then looped the line under Steve's arms.

The line tugged and Steve felt himself pulled up. A feeling of relief swept through him, a tremendous feeling of gratitude to the big Aussie and the men on deck.

Old Happy flipped open the front glass of Steve's helmet. "You all right?" he asked, his voice tense, and his mouth taut.

"Sure." Steve tried to control himself. "Give me a cigarette. Tell me what happened." He looked past the skipper to the ladder where Komon was helping Big Tork to the deck.

"We'll wait awhile," was all Happy said.

THERE wasn't much talking after that. He and Tork got out of the suits. Happy and Komon laid out another line, fitting it to the rings and couplings of Steve's helmet.

Steve lay under the tarpaulin awning, his eyes closed, his thoughts on the gloom of the ocean floor.

Tork must have thought him asleep when he remarked to the skipper, "That shark was all of thirty feet, Happy. I had a good look. Rolled over the kid's lines and snapped them." Then, after a pause, "Think it's safe to let him go down again?"

Steve heard no answer from Happy for a time. When it did come, it was undecided, reluctant. "I don't know." Another pause. "Let me think about it. Steve ain't the kind to quit. If we pull out of here he'll raise a stink. Don't tell him—"

Steve felt cold and empty inside. He couldn't think clearly. He was irritable, angry, and—and afraid.

An hour passed, then Big Tork got into his suit.

Steve stretched, came over and picked up his own dry stiff suit from the box. The skipper eyed him silently, then helped him with the gear.

Tork went down first. Steve followed. As he stood on the last step of the ladder, he felt as if nothing had happened to him before, as if this was the first dive of the day. He let go, started slowly sinking to the bottom. Only the nearest things, here on the sea floor, seemed to live, and everything out of vision's reach aroused a man's fears—that his lines would be snapped by a shark, that behind him lurked the dreaded grouper, that ahead of him the giant clam was waiting for his legs.

He was on a hard coral shelf. He peered into the surrounding gloom, where all about him telltale signs indicated the presence of good pearl-shell—the wide-leafed submarine plants swaying in the strong current; clumps of coral studding the gloomy-gray sand bottom; gobies and blennies darting about, some so close he could have reached out and touched them.

For a moment Steve stood there, look-

ing for the basket and crowbar. He thought he saw a movement ahead—maybe Big Tork prying off some shell.

Tugging for slack, Steve leaned against the current, jumped off the coral shelf, and fell gently down to the hard bottom. Pushing with his legs now, he started toward his own basket and crowbar. Movement was difficult and slow; he opened the valve to let out air and counteract the floating buoyancy of his filled-up suit.

As he glanced up and saw the gleaming bright lines above him, his fears again flooded his brain. He fought his way forward, thought of a grouper nosing up to his exposed hands. With each step he took along the silent sea floor, the giant Tridacna locking his legs seemed more of a reality than the play of his imagination.

Sweat was pouring down his neck and chin. He cursed aloud, then told himself he was getting panicky. "Everything's all right," he whispered. "No danger. Keep going." He got the four-foot basket, the crowbar, dragged them to some silvery ridged shell.

The helmet was filled with the smell of rancid oil that sickened him. The *clack-clack*, *clack-clack* of the pump plunger irritated him.

As usual, water was seeping into his suit and already covering his ankles, but this didn't alarm him; the air pressure would keep the water from rising. It was the sharks, groupers, Tridacnas and unknown dangers along the sea bottom that had him on raw edge.

His eyes were used to the gloom now. With every shell that he pried loose and laid into the basket he took time to look around. There was no sign of a shark. He went on with the work, fought the current, sweated, cursed.

Brightly colored fish, the size of his hand, flitted about. Steve peered into the murky distance in an effort to make out Big Tork, but he couldn't see him. Too far, too dark. Looking up, the undersea world appeared brighter—

All at once the small fish darted away in crossed directions, and Steve caught sight of the long tapering form of a 30-foot tiger shark sliding into the far gloom.

Instinctively Steve reached for his line to signal to Happy to haul him up. But then the undersea world was suddenly as silent and undisturbed as before, with the small brightly colored fish drifting back, watching him, nudging the swaying leaves of the submarine plants growing from the sea floor.

Steve thought of Big Tork. Had the Aussie spotted the shark? Would he signal to Komon that there was danger around? Would they haul them both up?

He waited, but when nothing happened he set to work again, hurriedly prying loose the shell from the coral and sand bottom, filling the basket. The oil smell was nauseating and the sloshing water inside the suit was becoming a nuisance.

After placing the last shell on top of the basket's heap, he signalled on the line, then watched the basket swinging away as the men on deck hauled up.

As he stood there waiting for the basket to be lowered, he saw the long gray shape of the tiger shark slide past the lines above him. He held his breath—if the air line swayed too noticeably, the shark would snap it. Then the basket came into view, and the downward fall of it, disturbing the undersea life, brought the shark rolling gracefully down, directly toward Steve.

The thought of a ripped suit or snapped lines put Steve into action. He was aware that the huge sea scavenger was nosing around and working up courage to dart in. As the shark slid over him out of sight, he turned slowly around, leaned against the current, and waited. The shark came back. When Steve saw the snout and pig eyes coming at him, he turned the air valve open and sent a plume of air bubbles gushing up at the shark.

The huge fish darted off into the gloom.

Steve shut the valve to build up his pressure inside the suit. He listened to the slow beat of the pump plunger, and cursed. He was sure the men on board had seen the dumped air rush to the surface. They should have guessed the cause of it! What was wrong with those fools on the pumps? He needed air! "Pump, blast you!" But he knew he was shouting in vain; they couldn't hear him, see him.

Wondering how far the shark had retreated, he glanced out the side glasses. He could see no sign of it. Nothing ahead, nothing above. Yet he knew that the tapering gray shape would surely come at him again out of the surrounding gloom.

After hesitating a moment, he started toward the basket, smiling at his own decision. Instead of signalling to be pulled up, he was thinking of those great pearls and going after more of that gold-lipped shell.

A SPECKLED butterfly fish wiggled past his front glass, then several red-striped wrasses followed. Thinking that they might be sidling away from some danger, Steve glanced around. There was no sign of the shark. Leaning against the current, he kept his eyes fixed on the murky bottom, watching with every step for the lobed jaws of the giant clam. He adjusted the valves and fought the tangle of weeds from his legs. The water inside the suit had risen to his knees because of the drop in pressure when he dumped his air at the shark, but new air was coming in. A steady stream of bubbles trailed behind him in the current.

He had sent up several baskets of precious shell. The taste of sweat in his mouth, the nauseating oil smell, the irritating grate of the pump plunger, and the constant danger of a giant clam, or shark or grouper—all this, on top of his

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feverish work, had frayed his nerves almost to the limit.

Several times he thought of Big Tork. The experienced Aussie, he knew, would ride him if his basket didn't hold a pearl worth their time here, and he knew he'd ride him if he signaled to be hauled up.

Peering intently through the front glass as he paused to rest, Steve detected a dark sluggish form approaching him. At first glance he thought of Tork—that the other diver for some reason was working his way toward him, but then, slowly, the lumpish thing left the sea floor and rose upwards. The mouth line and the two cold eyes meant a big, deep-colored grouper. Unlike the expressionless shark, the grouper showed a cunning leer, as the huge gills opened and closed and the stout fins lazily brought it nearer.

As Steve stared into the vicious cold eyes, he fought a temptation to shut his exhaust valve and signal for more air. But he knew the grouper was sure to go for his hands if he moved them. The sinister snout was already sniffing the breastplate.

The lazy movements of the big fish fascinated him and he watched the blank stare of one eye as the grouper nosed up to the helmet. Unafraid and curious, the leering snout started sniffing down again, toward Steve's hands.

All of the undersea world seemed deathly still, and Steve felt a mad urge to scream.

Suddenly he was aware that the *clack-clack* of the pumps sounded more hurried, or was he so frightened that he imagined it? Was he floating up, or was the grouper edging down to his hands? Desperation drove him into action. He lifted one arm quickly and shut the exhaust valve all the way. The pump plunger started going faster, faster, and started rising, leaving the grouper under his feet.

He began to laugh in a hysterical way. He was out of danger! Instinctively he held up his hands to his front glass, looked at them and laughed again.

In an overwhelming rebellion against the dangers of that murky depth, he suddenly decided he had had enough of Bad Water Place. The devil take the gold-lipped pearl-shell! He wanted clean, fresh air to breathe! He wanted the familiar reality of daylight! Now . . . now! He didn't care if Big Tork laughed at him and jeered him!

Leaving the valve closed, he continued to float up, watching for the hull, to avoid bumping his head against the lugger. He remembered about keeping upright; too much air had tipped over more than one diver and drowned him in the water of his own suit.

A small school of blue and yellow fish that were following him suddenly darted away. Looking around, in the increasing brightness of the upper level, he saw fish scurrying off in all directions.

It meant only one thing—the tiger shark had come back.



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Above him and to his right, the long gray body raced past him. Steve sensed that the shark was no longer curious; now it was bent on attacking.

Steve knew that the first real slash would rip open his suit. He fought to think. If he dumped air at the shark, he would probably scare the big fish off, for a time anyway, but then he would sink to the bottom—where the grouper was hungrily waiting.

THE gray shape swam into view again, its return rush. It came charging straight on, its tail twisting like a whip.

Steve reached for the valve and dumped air as fast as he could. The shark veered sharply to escape the gushing air plume, and dodged away in a wide sweep.

He felt the clammy suit collapse around him as he started sinking swiftly toward the bottom again. The taut lines tipped him over and the water inside the suit splashed up to his chest. More water seeped in as the escaping air lowered the pressure inside the suit. The gloom thickened as he sank down.

Coughing and gasping for breath, Steve shut his valve and fought to stand up. Then the lines slackened and he had to struggle against the current. The water was over his thighs. He felt bottom beneath his feet, a bottom of hard sand, and he managed to keep his footing.

He knew that the grouper was near him and that somewhere above him the restless tiger shark was cruising. With no more air to dump at the shark and not enough air to float away from the grouper, he felt helpless, hopelessly trapped. Even if he signaled Happy to pull him up, it would be too late, with that shark swimming around, ready to close in.

He cursed Happy and Komon for not understanding that he was in trouble and

not helping him. He cursed Big Tork. Hadn't they seen his dumped air rush to the surface? Didn't they know he had sunk back to the bottom, trapped between the shark and the grouper?

He felt a hard body bump against his back. The grouper, behind him? He did not turn. In that same instant he saw the shark charging at him at a low, swift slant. Pushing with his legs, Steve tried to edge away from the grouper, yet he knew there was no time left. He waved both hands before him, thinking to scare off the on-rushing shark, yet he knew that the slow, inexorable creature behind him would keep sniffing, presently finding his hands. Even in those moments of extreme frenzy, his actions to dodge to the side seemed idiotic to himself. There was no time left.

As the shark rushed in, slanting for Steve's waist belt, he grabbed automatically for the lines. He caught them. Before he could signal, they were yanked out of his grip. Then he was in some sort of mad vortex, unable to get a footing and turn, unable to prevent the sloshing water from covering his mouth and eyes inside the helmet, and the whole undersea world shaking violently.

One thought raced through Steve's mind. What would Big Tork do in his place? What would—"Lousy luck!" he said, resigned now to his own fate.

By kicking with his legs he at last turned enough to see what was happening. He was suspended upright, floating above the sea floor, the water in his suit down at his thighs. Below him the weeds and the sea were churning crazily, where a strange, gloom-enveloped battle raged. The brightly colored fish and all the other undersea life had fled, and Steve realized that, as he had surged away from the bottom, as Happy had yanked him up, the shark had seen the giant grouper and had savagely attacked its more familiar enemy.

Steve looked down, watched the thrash and wallow of the battle as the shark tore at the grouper. As he went on up, he saw the sleek body of the shark hovering over what was left of the great, sluggish fish. The submarine plants were swaying in the roil, and the silvery back of a pearl-shell gleamed flittingly. Then the dim sea floor, the shark and all the rest of it faded from his view as he went on and on up—to the sunlight and the clean fresh air.

He climbed the ladder, and the Old Happy was helping him over the rail and onto the deck.

Amidships, seated on the box, Big Tork smiled and waved to Steve.

"You go on below, Steve, and get yourself some rest," Old Happy said, taking off Steve's helmet and fumbling to give him a cigarette. "We saw the fin of a shark, a big one. Have any trouble?"

Steve didn't want to talk about trouble. He breathed deeply—what had happened seemed no worse now than a bad nightmare.

The skipper shook his head. "Maybe you'll tell me someday, maybe not. Get below, and get rested."

It was a couple of hours before Steve felt steady enough to show himself on deck. His cigarette tasted good. Even the Arafura sun beating down on him felt good. As he glanced over the rail at the green depths, a thin smile crossed his young face.

Old Happy asked, "Feeling all right?" "Feeling fine," Steve answered.

The four *Soholis*, opening shell under Komon's watchful eye, were chattering excitedly. Happy crooked a finger at Komon and the native came over to them, a smile on his dusky face. He opened his hand, and showed Steve a large blob of pearly nacre.

Steve took it into his hand and looked at it, big-eyed, cursing softly under his breath. Just looking at that blob, he knew the Cingalese back in Darwin would polish her into a superlative gem. And the *Soholis* still had a sizable pile of shell to open.

"Ho, Happy!" Steve breathed. "To think that the sea floor here in Bad Water Place is covered with shell like this!"

Old Happy snorted. "That's what I thought you'd say! That's what I knew you'd be thinking and feeling! More of it down there and we sure could use it. You'd want to go down again." He paused for a moment, shaking his head, then added, "Like heck you will! Anytime Big Tork signals to be hauled up in a hurry, I figure things is real bad, so if you—"

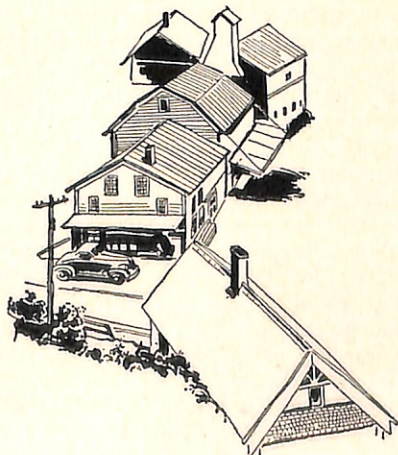
"Tork signaled?" Steve said quietly, trying to grab the full meaning.

"Yup," said a husky voice behind him. The Aussie was grinning; his hand slapped Steve's back. "You're okay, fella," he said and chuckled. "You're okay."

Steve felt strangely strong all over.

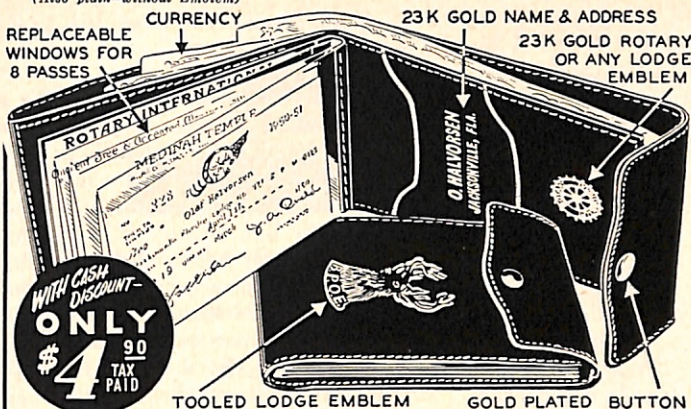
But Old Happy shouted, "Haul that line!"

One of the crew started chanting, and the others joined in. The sails hoisted and flapped in the freshening breeze, the sun gleaming off the bellied surfaces, and in the wake of the fat-waisted pearling lugger Bad Water Place again looked deceptively safe.



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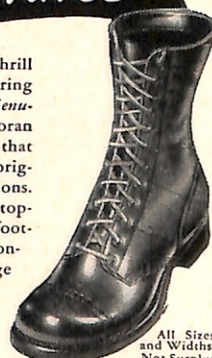
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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 16)

that, and the competition of dog shows has contributed largely to this. Roughly, as defined by the American Kennel Club, the governing body for pure-bred dogs, the showing of dogs is for the purpose of matching specimens of the same breed against each other in order to select dogs that most closely approximate perfection of the breed. Such perfection is established in the standards for the breeds, as written by the various breed clubs—associations of members breeding the same breed; i.e., for Airedales, the standard is agreed upon by the members of the Airedale Terrier Club of America. Incidentally, the American Kennel Club is not a club of individuals, but an organization of dog clubs, something like a baseball league of individual ball clubs.

On Feb. 12th and 13th, one of the oldest of the show-giving dog clubs will again stage its show at Madison Square Garden in New York City. It is the Westminster Kennel Club, established in 1877. Not only is it one of the oldest, it is one of the largest clubs, from a show-giving standpoint. Its closest rival is the Morris and Essex Club which stages its annual outdoor show at Madison, N. J. Both of these shows are high spots in the breeders' campaign calendars for the year, because a "win", particularly a "first", at either usually establishes a dog as a topflight specimen for its breed. At both shows the competition in most of the breeds is unusually keen. The dog that goes on to Best of Breed goes down as an important factor in determining its breed standards, and the pup that wins Best in Show—the best dog of all shown—has

to be a true canine aristocrat. If it's a gentleman of his species, his owner can write his own ticket for that dog's stud fees, and if it happens to be a lady dog, then you'll have to put a lot of folding money on the line for any of her youngsters. I'm reliably informed that one dog—now dead for some years—was valued at more than \$25,000 by its owner, who was reputed to have refused that much for the animal. The dog was My Own Brucie, a magnificent black cocker spaniel that emerged as Best in Show at both the Madison Square Garden and Morris and Essex event in the same year.

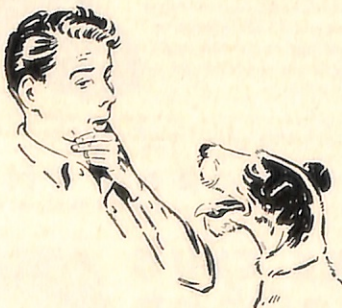
WHILE Westminster Club is one of the oldest of its kind, it wasn't the first to stage a canine clambake in this country. The success of a show held in Philadelphia at the Centennial Fair in 1876 antedates it. In those days, a show for dogs was very much a novelty and, as you may imagine, didn't attract a swarm of entries, there being far fewer breeders of pure-breds than there are now. Westminster's first show, held at Gilmore's Garden, a long-vanished New York City landmark, drew only 865 entries—mainly sporting dogs, used for hunting. This year, the Westminster affair will parade about 2,500 dogs and could, if the quarters were larger, accommodate many more. In recent years, entries became so numerous it was found necessary to limit the show to 2,500 dogs. The 1877 show was handled by six judges; today the judging panel has been expanded to 45 men and women who come from all parts of the United States and Canada.

For those who may not be familiar with what goes among the canine blue-bloods—the AKC divides all dogs into six basic groups: 1. Sporting Dogs (retrievers, pointers, spaniels, setters, etc.) 2. The Hounds. 3. Working Dogs (German shepherds, collies, boxers, etc.) 4. The Terriers. 5. Toy Dogs. 6. Non-sporting (an ambiguous group-definition in which are found such widely differing breeds as the Boston terrier, the poodle, English bulldog, Dalmatian, chow, etc.).

To win a blue ribbon, indicating a "first" at a big show, means a lot—and sometimes, at a small show, too, where there are many good entries in a given breed, but it doesn't *always* mean that the dog is an unusually good specimen. The ribbon can be, and has been, given when there was only one entry in the class. The official classes are those for puppy, novice, bred by exhibitor, American-bred, open and winners. The puppy class is for dogs of either sex that are six to 12 months old. At 12 months a dog is considered officially an adult. The novice class is for dogs that are six months old or over, that have never won a first prize in any official class—puppy class excepted. Bred by exhibitor class is limited to dogs, except champions, that were bred by the exhibitor. The American-bred division is for dogs bred in the United States, or, by reason of mating which took place here. Open class is for any dog, regardless of its previous winnings. In the winners class, as in all other classes, the dogs are divided by sex, and this class is open only to dogs that have won "first" in any of the aforementioned classes. There are technicalities of sex division, and then there is a division wherein the best male is matched against the best female, and the top dog is rated Best of Winners. There is one more class and that usually is limited to champions only, and is designated as "For Special Only".

The Best of Winners is matched against these champion dogs, and the final winner is the dog known as Best of Breed. The dogs judged Best of Breed then compete within their groups, resulting in six winners which enter the ring to determine Best in Show—the final event. So, you see, the winning of a single blue ribbon may or may not—usually not—mean much. Colors of ribbons awarded are: blue for first, red for second, yellow for third, white for fourth. For winners, purple; for reserve winners, purple and white; for Best of Winners, blue and white; for Best of Breed and Best of Variety of Breed (for example, where smooth-and wire-haired fox terriers have competed against each other), the ribbon is purple and gold. While a variety of special prizes is offered for Best in Show, there is no official ribbon.

What's your dog problem?



Here's a book by Ed Faust, *In the Doghouse* writer, that answers all usual problems of feeding, common sicknesses, tricks, training and general care of the dog. Its 48 pages are well printed and are illustrated with pictures of popular breeds. One authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all books on the subject."

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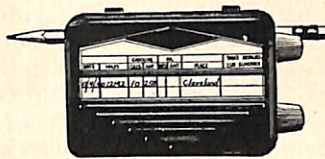
Gadgets and Gimmicks

(Continued from page 26)

NOT to be outdone, one company has put shaving cream in a pressurized can so all you have to do in the morning is press a button and the lather springs at you. The company maintains that their ready-to-apply lather costs no more on a per-shave basis than many of the brushless mixtures now on the market. Who knows? Perhaps the day of the lathered shave isn't as extinct as many believe it to be.

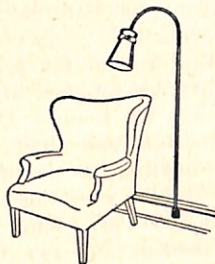


DRIVING a car is getting scientific. The carefree days when you just got in a car and drove around in the sunshine for the fun of it are gone. Now a drive is a matter of notation, orientation and destination. This being true, you'll need both of these items to be up-to-date. One is a meter which, when properly installed, keeps you informed as to the number of miles you're getting to the gallon at all normal cruising speeds. The meter can be used to achieve gasoline economy and provide a constant check on the condition of your engine. The other device is a sort of running diary of car conditions: where you went in the car and how much it cost to get there—and back. Consisting of a paper roll on two spools that can be turned forward or backward, and enclosed in a



neat case, it can be fastened to the sun visor by a spring clip. A holding space for a pencil completes the item, which holds enough paper to take care of a year's furious traveling and noting.

HERE is one of those "Why-didn't-I-think-of-it" items that can set inventors' teeth on edge. The simple contrivance is a floor lamp with none of the inconveniences thereof. Small children, dogs and astigmatic people are unable to charge through a room upsetting this lamp. The solution is simple: The lamp is clamped to the baseboard. There is no small base on which to balance the long stand and lampshade. Therefore, you can't tip it over. Another good use for this lamp is as a bed reading lamp. Clamp it to the baseboard behind your bed, plug it in and the lamp reaches up over the back of the bed and sheds light on the latest whodunit you're reading.



What Age Retirement?

(Continued from page 5)

ably, and often very well," Dr. Irving Lorge, director of the project at Columbia, declared.

Another indication of the growing interest in geriatrics is the pretty remarkable turnaround made by organized labor in the last few years, notably in the automotive, steel and coal industries. Union leaders now are beaming their main bargaining efforts on retirement pension programs rather than immediate pay increases. Nobody knows for sure how many privately owned companies have adopted such programs because the number increases daily, but at the last count, 250,000 retired employees were receiving support.

Pension programs and retirement schemes are fine, a necessary step in the right direction, but they avoid the issue instead of meeting it head-on. **Further, such plans never will cope with the basic problem because they neglect to make a distinction on one enormously important point—the differ-**

ence between actual age and attitude and capacity.

All of us know men and women of 70 and 80 who are more vital and make more valuable contributions to society than youngsters half their age. Conversely, we all know people in their thirties who are unable, or unwilling, to fulfill ordinary family responsibilities and, as citizens, are so much deadwood in the community.

All of us can rattle off a catalogue of eminent oldsters whose unique talents were unaffected by their 65th, or any other, birthday. George Bernard Shaw said more at 90 than most writers say in a lifetime . . . Bernard Baruch, adviser to six Presidents, served on the Atomic Energy Commission when he was 76 . . . No living conductor brings more fire and sensitivity to the podium than Arturo Toscanini, 84 . . . Grandma Moses, approaching 90, is an outstanding painter of primitives . . . Immanuel Kant wrote his most profound philosophy in his mid-

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seventies . . . Albert Einstein, past 70, still is the world's greatest physicist . . . Baseball may be a young man's game, but Connie Mack defied the dictum successfully until he was 88 . . . Regardless of political convictions, Winston Churchill, 76, is recognized as a statesman with few peers . . . We render pious lip service to the sentiment that youth must be served, but we intuitively select older men when we elect leaders and representatives.

These, admittedly, are exceptional examples that cannot be used as yardsticks to measure the capabilities of masses of ordinary people. **But it is equally absurd to hit upon a specific age—65, or any other age—and make it a hard-and-fast rule that will be applied to everyone, without considering health, personal desires or ability to perform an honest, gainful day's work.**

Sixty-five probably is as good a retirement target as any—if it is conceded that any age selected arbitrarily is to be honored more in the breach than in the observance. It is possible that an enlightened social policy may guarantee financial security for the aged at some date in the misty future, but a pension program, no matter how generous, never will provide a psychological cushion for the diligent, self-respecting man or woman who is a wage-earner on Saturday and a dependent on Monday.

That is the crux of the problem and no man alive has studied it more exhaustively than Dr. Louis I. Dublin, second vice-president and chief statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Dr. Dublin wrote his first article on geriatrics in 1907—long before the term was coined—and two years later was engaged by Metropolitan Life to supervise research in the field which naturally is of paramount interest to the insurance business.

In 1917, Dr. Dublin was the center of a terrific public controversy that also involved Margaret Sanger, an ardent advocate for birth control. Dr. Dublin, then vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and chairman of its social and economic sections, published a treatise, "The Significance of the Declining Birth Rate," which criticized Miss Sanger's emotional approach. The major point Dr. Dublin made was that America would be confronted with a lop-sided population structure, to the detriment of its security and prosperity, if the birth rate continued to drop.

KEEP THEM PRODUCTIVE

"The essential feature of old-age welfare programs must be flexibility of the retirement age," Dr. Dublin says. "Old folks must be kept productive or they'll wither and die from dry rot. During the wartime manpower shortage, the aged more than pulled their weight in industry wherever they were given an oppor-

tunity to prove their worth. They more than made up for their loss of physical stamina with their experience and conscientiousness, which resulted in less absenteeism and fewer accidents than were found among much younger workers.

"Old people have tremendous pride. Much as they need financial help, they are uncomfortable accepting hand-outs from the government, their former employers or their children. You can call such payments pensions, old age insurance or whatever you will, but old folks still feel they are on a dole and they're acutely unhappy about it. In the overwhelming majority of cases, they would much prefer to earn their own way."

Medical authorities have stated the proposition more bluntly. "Death comes to people who are accustomed to working when they are forced to retire," Dr. Roger I. Lee, of Boston, past president of the A.M.A., has said. "The most intelligent of pensioners rebel when they are retired and lead a miserable existence that cuts short their span of life."

TREND HAS REVERSED

The plight of the aged further has been complicated by changing patterns of American life. In 1900, for example, 60 per cent of the population lived in rural communities. Today, the figure is reversed; 60 per cent live in urban, industrial centers. Old folks serve a great number of more useful functions on a farm than they can in a city. There is all sorts of light work on a farm that can be handled adequately by a man in reasonably good health. A woman can help with the children, the cooking and the housework. Even when elderly persons no longer are able to go through the motions of such chores, they are not a crushing burden to a rural family. Food is cheap and plentiful. There usually is a spare room that can be set aside for Grandma or Grandpa without cramping anyone for space.

It hardly is necessary to spell out the compound difficulties parents pose for married children who live in cities. The housing shortage being what it is, the addition of one adult often is catastrophic to a family confined to a small apartment. With few odd jobs to occupy them, the old folks are underfoot all the time, disrupting household routine. Overcrowding breeds petty irritations that presently become major grievances. Some old folks, let's face it, are crochety and critical. For want of something better to do, they find fault with the way their children live, how the grandchildren are reared, with the thousand and one customs and attitudes that are alien to their generation. Many young folks, by the same token, are impatient and resent interference in their affairs. Eventually there is an ugly blow-off or, at best, an undercurrent of tension that wears nerves thin on both sides.

Every survey ever taken has shown that the one comfort old people want above all

others is a home of their own, even after a husband or wife passes away. Old folks know as well as fancy counsellors on human relations that living with children or relatives usually results in friction and unhappiness for all parties concerned. They want a place where they can enjoy privacy and spend their leisure with people of their own age and interests. High rents for one- and two-room apartments, coupled with the housing shortage of the past decade, have put that modest desire beyond the reach of elderly people of average means.

The ideal solution is a project like Cleveland's Rose Foundation, which was endowed with \$12,000,000 by a wealthy Englishman, a bachelor who made a fortune in department stores, for that specific purpose. The Rose Foundation owns several modern apartment buildings which have been converted into small suites for single and married old folks. There are common facilities for eating and recreation, but otherwise the tenants come and go as they please. Those who can afford it pay for their upkeep. Others meet part of the cost or pay nothing at all. Medical and nursing care is provided as well as the services of trained social workers who try to place the members in useful community activities.

Every large city needs a half-dozen Rose Foundations. It needs more and cheaper hospital and medical services to provide for the mounting needs of the aging population. If the truth must be known, most people at 50 have something wrong with them and they get progressively worse, for old age is one ailment that cannot be cured.

BUT HOW DO WE PAY?

It is very well to say we need more facilities and trained specialists to take care of old people. There is no limit to the tremendously expanded welfare programs needed in the United States for underprivileged and sick children, the blind, victims of chronic diseases and the socially maladjusted. Each cause is urgent and each has the ardent support of earnest crusaders who believe their movements should have priority on public funds. All of us solemnly agree each group should be given the fullest assistance possible, but then we run smack into an imposing question: Where's all the money coming from?

Three Western states, California, Oregon and Washington, went overboard for old age pensions two years ago and promptly encountered a serious financial situation. During the presidential campaign of 1948, special pleaders agitated for generous old-age welfare programs and the citizens gave their approval in much the same spirit that they applauded ringing orations in defense of Motherhood and flag-waving on the Fourth of July. It was a fine, humanitarian gesture, but the sentimental spree was followed by an awful hangover.

California, the home of such visionary

schemes of the 1930's as the Townsend Plan and Ham 'n' Eggs, passed a \$75-a-month pension for the aged and went whole hog in removing restraints on eligibility. The age limit was lowered from 65 to 63 and applicants qualified for the benefits even though they had money in the bank and relatives contributing to their support. As one wag remarked, anyone past 63 could collect \$75 a month by taking a deep breath in California.

ADDED 47,000 TO LIST

The awakening was rude and swift. In six months the number of pensioners jumped from 198,000 to 245,000 and the cost skyrocketed to more than \$17,000,000 a month.

Voters in Oregon were saved from financial disaster by a technicality. They passed pension increases that would have cost more than the expense of running the entire state, but they neglected to provide the means for footing the bill. When investment houses refused to buy Oregon bonds, the attorney general ruled the measure invalid.

Washington was even more generous than California and, as a consequence, found itself in a terrible jam. Besides giving 69,113 old folks an average of \$67.11 a month, Washington also made available money for mortgage payments, rent, tax assessments, insurance, food and clothing, plus free medical and dental care, hospitalization, home-nursing service and medicine. The gravy train jumped the track and wound up in a river of red ink.

The blunt and dismal truth is that a pension program attempting to support old folks on the barest subsistence level is bound, now and in the future, to impose an intolerable tax burden on the nation at large. There are no easy panaceas or free rides for us from federal or state governments. Old folks now, in the initial stages of welfare planning, are drawing more than they have contributed to the pot, but their children and grandchildren will, in the final analysis, get only what they pay for. Theoretically, it is possible to increase taxes and set aside funds guaranteeing adequate old-age protection, but the economy of the country will collapse under the strain.

We have seen that California nearly went broke in half a year trying to give \$75 a month—which no one claimed was enough to provide for food, rent and a little extra something for emergencies. Another factor: As bigger bites are taken out of paychecks for taxes during an individual's most productive years, he has less left to put into savings for his personal old-age program. Furthermore, who is so wise—or so bold—to estimate a pension that will cover bare needs in the future? Any figure picked out of thin air may be insufficient in times of inflation, when people living on fixed incomes are hit hardest.

The United States has made tremendous strides in social legislation during

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ELK LEADERS ON QUIZ KIDS PANEL

THE Elks lost the contest with the Quiz Kids, but all agreed that the program heard over the National Broadcasting Company network December 17 was interesting and entertaining.

Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle gave the nation-wide audience a report on Elksdom's service to the country in a brief, punch-packed talk. Said he:

"Within a week after America accepted the communist challenge in Korea, the Order of Elks voted a million dollars a year for national defense work. That was typical of the way Elks have served America in war or peace for 82 years.

"Elks hospitals and clinics for crippled children, Elk summer camps, playgrounds and youth centers build healthy, democratic Americans. Elk scholarships send over 200 youths to college annually.

"Services like these make the Elk Lodge a friendly part of life in 1,600 communities. Today, those Lodges are taking inventory of their communities' needs to make them better communities—to strengthen democracy at the grass roots.

"These are the Elks—one million, thirty thousand American gentlemen—who cherish good fellowship—who believe the American way of life is the practical application of God's injunction to love thy neighbor."

On the panel with the Order's leader



Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle with Harvey Dyth and Melvin Miles, 7-year-old stars of the Quiz Kids.

were Past Grand Exalted Rulers J. Edgar Masters, the Grand Secretary; Floyd E. Thompson, Henry C. Warner and E. Mark Sullivan. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Edward J. McCormick and Charles E. Broughton were unable to participate as planned originally.

Two of the brightest stars of the Quiz Kids team were Harvey Dyth and Melvin Miles, both 7. Others were Sally Ann Wilhelm, 12; Pat Conlon, 13, and Lonny Lunde, 15.

the last generation. There still is a long way to go, to be sure, but the point is that we're trying to do the best we can. The Old Age and Survivors Insurance feature of the Social Security Act covers a million and a half people—but the average monthly payment is only \$22. An equal number of people receive pensions from the government and private industry—but the average monthly check is only \$48. Americans are a thrifty and industrious people. Some two and a half million old folks support themselves on life-long savings, insurance policies and investments. Yet, in spite of it all, 40 per cent of the aged suffer financial hardship.

TAXATION IS NO ANSWER

What's the answer? The cost of government plus astronomical expenditures for the military establishment and foreign aid—both vital to the nation's overall security—are snowballing at an appalling rate, and the end is nowhere in sight. Even if we wanted to discharge our moral obligations to the aged, the tax structure would break down far short of the desired goal. It must be remembered, too, that more and more old people will be needing help and that there will be fewer children to share the cost of supporting their parents as the size of the typical American family dwindles with the birth rate.

What, then, do we do? Throw up our hands in despair and say the problem is too complex? That would be giving up on ourselves and planting nothing but future misery. There is, fortunately, a solution to the dilemma that is infinitely cheaper, more effective and more beneficent than any alternative yet advanced. It also has the virtue of relieving psychological as well as economic troubles.

The answer: Keep old people productive as long as their health permits them to work, even if it is only two or three hours a day. We will keep them happier, too, for that's what they want and need to maintain their self-respect and morale. "Old folks do not ask to be served," Dr. Dublin says. "They plead for the chance to serve and their record in industry during the war proved that their capabilities exceeded all expectations."

It is imperative that industry make a complete about-face and abandon the idea of an arbitrary retirement age, adopting instead a policy of keeping men on the job indefinitely. Not the same job, necessarily, they previously held. In many instances men will have to be reassigned to tasks suited to their physical abilities and employed in part-time shifts. That will involve training programs and more paper work on the part of industry, but a handsome dollars-and-cents return will be

realized on the investment. Obviously, a man who is earning a living, no matter how modest, is more of a potential customer for goods and services than a pensioner who must watch every penny. If that market is not cultivated, all business will begin to wither on the vine in another quarter-century, when one person in every eight, adults and children included, will be more than 65 years old.

With those objectives in mind, New York State's Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging, headed by Senator Thomas C. Desmond, recently offered several concrete proposals. It recommended: (1) Certain jobs in offices and plants should be earmarked and definitely put aside for elderly workers. (2) Doctors, psychologists, union leaders and management should join in job classification surveys to determine where elderly people can be employed profitably and safely. (3) There should be provisions in the Workmen's Compensation Law protecting employers from liability for pre-existing disabilities in men who enter their organizations late in life. (4) Unions should work out schedules permitting alteration in the status and pay of older workers where physical condition warrants it, in fairness to employers and young workers, and to encourage hiring of men in jobs open only to their age group.

Placing women in useful avocations is, admittedly, more difficult, but just as important. Since widows are about five years younger when their husbands die and have a longer life expectancy than men, women are likely to be more of a trial to their families. A woman who has been married for many years rarely fits into a business organization, but she does have a good deal to offer her community's charitable and social welfare activities. Too often, though, her talents are wasted because her assistance is not solicited or she does not know where to volunteer her services. Westport, Connecticut, Dr. Dublin's summer home, has done a model job in this respect by setting up a central clearing house that directs the energies and experience of elderly women to forty local agencies. Everyone is better off for the effort. The old ladies are given congenial work that benefits the community at little or no cost.

Wordsworth spoke of old age as "serene and bright." It can be a time of deep contentment and rich personal satisfaction under the proper conditions. Philosophy mellows the harsh drive of ambition; having discharged responsibility to their children, old folks can withdraw from the struggle and float gracefully with the tide. The aged do not ask much. All they want is a little dignity, a few simple comforts and some assurance, no matter how small, for believing they still fulfill a useful purpose. Growing old is as unavoidable in a man as in a tree, but both can age greenly and securely as long as their roots remain in the environment that nurtured them.

Fuel for the Hot Stove League

(Continued from page 11)

ancient times the pitchers were permitted to use trick deliveries such as the spitball, the emery ball, the shine ball and other gimmicks since barred. The baseballs themselves remained in play after they'd become blackened and scuffed, all to the advantage of the pitcher.

That's why I've always felt that one of the most remarkable of all batting averages was the .408 that Shoeless Joe Jackson compiled in 1911. The unlettered hillbilly from Carolina was a big league freshman that season and whenever he stepped up to the plate he merely was "doin' what comes natchlerly".

It was Cobb himself who once told me, "Shoeless Joe was the greatest natural hitter of all time. He knew nothing about the finer points of the batting art. He never studied the pitchers the way I did. To me batting was a science, but he just stepped up there and swung."

That's praise from Caesar indeed because the Georgia Peach, the fiercest competitor ever to wear spikes, never made a habit of praising anyone. To him, Cobb had to be first in everything.

As the 1911 season swept into its final month both Cobb and Jackson were flirting with the .400 mark, but to the amazement of everybody, the Shoeless One was hitting higher than the Georgia Peach. And then the two batting Titans met face to face in a key series. Cobb walked over to Jackson. "Too bad you didn't come up in the other league, kid," he said in his most patronizing fashion.

"What's the matter with this one?" asked the bewildered Jackson. "I'm doin' all right here, ain't I?"

"Sure, sure," agreed Cobb to the rookie who was then out-hitting him by ten points. "But it's this way. If you'd come up in the other league, you might have won the batting championship."

With that Cobb spun on his heel and walked away, leaving Jackson to digest his words at his leisure. By way of making the idea he'd implanted a bit more pointed, the Georgian didn't talk to the Carolinian for the rest of the season.

On second thought, though, Ty couldn't have accomplished what he did with words alone. He must have been pretty active with his bat, too. When the final averages were tabulated, Jackson had hit .408. But the fabulous Cobb had hit .420.

WHY THEY CAN HIT

What makes a good hitter anyway? Perhaps the Hot Stove Leaguers might be able to talk slightly more convincingly about the batting art if they knew a bit more about the subject. Occasionally it helps to know what you're talking about.

All good hitters have remarkable eyesight in some shape or form. When Ted Williams enlisted in the Naval Air Force, the unbelieving doctors discovered that his eyesight is of a perfection found in only one of 100,000 persons. So extraordinary is his vision that he can identify a duck in full flight before others even can see the duck.

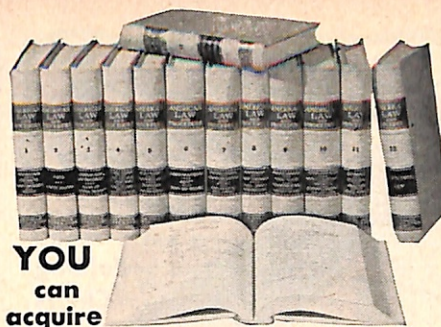
Yet Paul Waner experimented with wearing glasses in the latter stages of his career and hastily abandoned them. "When I wear glasses," he confessed with a shudder, "the ball looks as big as a baseball. But when I don't wear glasses, it looks as big as a grapefruit."

Since this Mighty Mite had a lifetime average of .333, the ball must have looked grapefruit-size for most of his two decades in the big leagues.

And here's a parenthetical companion story which actually doesn't even belong in here. However, I just don't have the willpower to resist. Lefty Gomez once



The heavy-duty end of Murderers' Row—Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig—in front of the dugout when they were setting home run records years ago.



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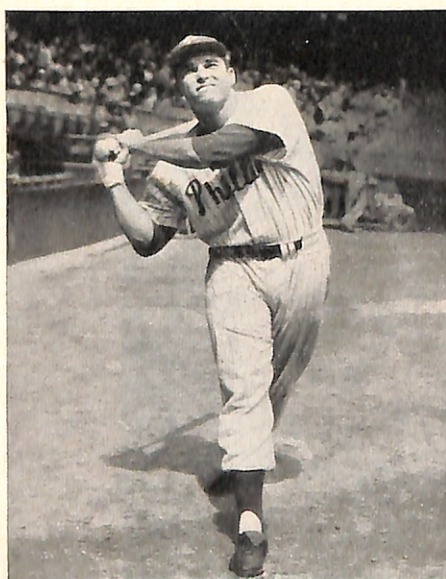

Dizzy Dean when he was pitching the Cardinals to the 1934 pennant, with a big assist from other members of the Gas House Gang.

told me of his brief experience as a wearer of eye-glasses.

"I was pitching against the Athletics," chuckled the Singular One, "when my glasses fogged up on me. I took them off, cleaned them and put them back on. And whom did I see standing at the plate but Jimmy Foxx. It nigh scarced me to death. I never wore glasses again."

But to get back to the subject. All good hitters have strong wrists because that is where the power lies. The snap of the wrists at the crest of the swing supplies the motive force for that extra leverage at the moment of impact.

They all have acutely developed reflexes, coordination and sense of balance. Most of them, you'll find, are what are technically known as "late swingers". They've curbed the impetuous tendency



Last season Dick Sisler, playing outfield for the Phillies, was one of the outstanding young players, but he has some way to go before he makes them forget his father, George Sisler, the all-time first baseman.

to cut at the ball before they know what it is—fast ball, curve, slider, knuckler, screwball or what-have-you.

So sharp is their eyesight and so responsive are their reflexes that they figuratively "hit the ball out of the catcher's glove". So delayed is their swing and so relentlessly do they follow the approach of the ball that both Williams and Musial admitted to me they've actually seen the bat strike the ball.

The strangest part about this business is that the good hitters don't fall into any style pattern as golfers do. The divot-diggers have set grooves and the variations from it are comparatively slight. But the ball players are rugged individualists.

DiMaggio uses an open stance, Babe Ruth a closed one. Rogers Hornsby stood as far back in the corner of the batting box as the law would allow. Ty Cobb, in contrast, crowded the plate. Gehrig weighed 220 while Waner weighed 150. Ruth went for distance. Wee Willie Keeler "hit 'em where they ain't".

Some bat right-handed. Some bat left-handed. Some hold the bat at the end. Some use a choke grip. There's just no orderly way to catalogue them or sort them out. If they have any trait in common, it's what grizzled Jesse Burkett (a great hitter, of course) used to describe as "the old confedience". Confidence is a paramount quality.

EVERYTHING GOES WRONG

When a good hitter goes into a slump, the first thing to desert him is his confidence. He starts pressing and experimenting. Nothing works. Then all of a sudden and for no accountable reason he begins to hit again. The explanation? There isn't any.

Cobb's favorite system for working out of his rare slumps was to stand at the plate in batting practice and bunt the ball. As soon as he could dump it wherever he liked, he'd lengthen the range a bit, punching the ball with half-swings through holes in the infield. Eventually he'd work his way up the scale to his full cut.

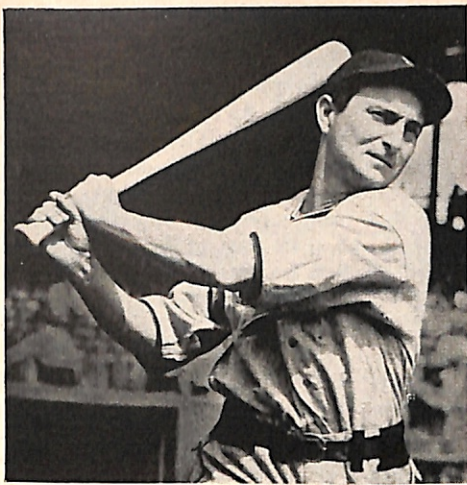
It should be remembered, though, that the Georgia Peach was essentially a control hitter. He punched the ball with a choke grip and never did go for distance. Wait a minute! That's not precisely correct. Late in his career he became a trifle vexed at the acclaim which was showered on Ruth.

"Anyone can hit homers if he tries," he snorted indignantly one day. "I'll show you what I mean."

That afternoon he went for the fences in his only conscious effort as a slugger. He hit three home runs, too.

Those good hitters have a peculiar psychology, anyway. During the war Waner went off to India on a USO tour. The troupe was in a huge mess hall when a bat—the animal kind—flashed out of the rafters and zoomed around the room.

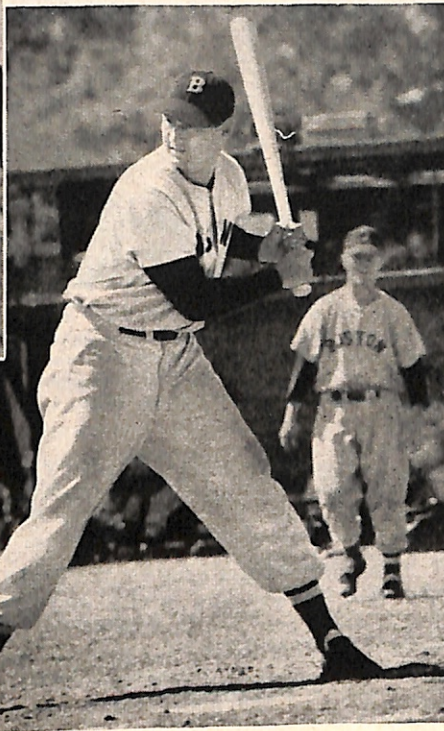
Native beaters rushed frantically for tennis racquets, the only sure-fire methods



Above: Paul Waner, Pirate outfielder and one of the best of all place hitters. Right: Ted Williams, of the Red Sox, has a great batting eye. Below: The man who for six years in a row was the leading hitter in the National League—Rogers Hornsby.



A TRIO OF SLUGGERS



Big Poison the benefit of a close one. "No wonder you're such a great hitter," he grumbled. "The umpires always give you four strikes."

Since the great hitters rarely will swing at a bad pitch, umpires unconsciously are sometimes influenced by such a factor. Thus the good ones like Waner "umpire their own games". At least, that's the beef the bad hitters make.

There was, for instance, the time that Hornsby, the mightiest of all right-hand batsmen, was facing Jumbo Jim Elliott with Cy Pfirmann umpiring. The pitcher whipped across two strikes and then burned in a pitch that almost clipped a corner of the plate.

Hornsby didn't swing. Pfirmann called it a ball. Jumbo Jim immediately blew a fuse.

"You blind so-and-so," he screamed. "It was a third strike."

Pfirmann strode majestically to the mound and cast a scathing glance in the direction of the huge pitcher.

"Whenever it's a third strike," he boomed, "Mr. Hornsby will let you know about it."

Elliott was so mad that he fired in the next pitch with every ounce of speed at his command. Hornsby hit it over the fence for a home run—which didn't improve the disposition of Jumbo Jim.

Baseball never had a hitter who could match Hornsby during the five-year stretch from 1921 on. The Rajah averaged a fraction under .402 for that half-decade, with successive marks of .397, .401, .384, .424 and .403.

The pitchers ruefully declared that his

for combating these winged pests. Waner merely reached for a newspaper and twisted it into a compact roll. The bat darted past. Waner swung. End of bat.

"Why, Paul," chided Red Patterson, then a sportswriter but now a Yankee executive, "think of your reputation as a great hitter. Suppose you'd missed?"

"So what?" snapped Waner. "I'd still have two strikes left."

There you have it. Still two strikes left. The bad hitters are inclined to get panicky when the pitcher gets ahead of them with a couple of strikes. The good hitters just don't care.

Once Gabby Hartnett, the Cub catcher, growled bitterly when the umpire gave

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Fans of the early Twenties will have no difficulty recalling Harry Heilmann, slugger and outfielder for the Detroit Tigers. He made a practice of winning the batting championship in alternate years: 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927.

only weakness was a base on balls. They couldn't find any other weakness. Occasionally their experiments were disastrous.

A certain manager once got the bright idea that the best way to deal with the Rajah was to give him the bean-ball treatment, forgetting that it was an utter impossibility to make the cold-blooded Texan gun-shy at the plate. The manager asked for volunteers and the only one brash enough to try was a strong-backed rookie.

As luck would have it, the bases were full when Hornsby stepped into the batter's box. The rookie pitcher almost knocked the Rajah's hat off with the first pitch as Hornsby dropped into the dust. He brushed himself off and said not a word as he stepped into the box.

Another duster came sailing in. Down went the Rajah. Silently he arose. With a sneer of contempt on his face the pitcher fired in a third bean ball. Down went the Rajah. He brushed himself off, stepped back into the box and then he spoke.

"Okay, wise guy," he snapped. "What are you gonna do now?"

Three balls, no strikes and Hornsby at bat. It was quite a dilemma. The Rajah hit one out of the park for a jackpot homer.

HIT IT WHERE IT WAS

The beauty of Hornsby as a hitter was that he met the ball where it was pitched, slicing the outside offerings to right, pulling the inside ones to left and hammering the down-the-middle ones to center. He feels almost disdainful of batters like Williams who are trying to hit everything into right field.

"I'll never consider Williams a great hitter," Hornsby once told me in his crisp, outspoken fashion, "until he can hit to his opposite field. Here's what I mean. One day in Pittsburgh I made three successive home runs—one over the right-field fence, one over the center-field fence and one over the left-field fence."

However, the modern hitters are infinitely more interested in home runs

than in ordinary base hits. Ralph Kiner informed me with a grin, "Right-hand power hitters who hit to the opposite field ride around in flivvers. But right-hand power hitters who pull the ball to left ride around in sixteen-cylinder limousines."

They've been paying off Kiner exactly in that fashion. His 50 homers or so reward him at the rate of \$65,000 a season, even though his lifetime average is an insignificant .280 or thereabouts.

THEY'RE LUCKY

One thing about the batting art which continually puzzles most Hot Stove Leaguers is that the good hitters also seem to be the lucky hitters and that the bad hitters have no luck whatsoever. It's absolutely true.

Take, for example, the case of the already forgotten Ray Berres, an acknowledged weak hitter. One day he came to bat with Bill Klem, the self-styled Old Arbitrator, umpiring behind the plate.

"I can't even buy myself a base hit," moaned Berres.

"My boy," boomed Klem, the greatest of all umpires, "have you ever heard the baseball expression, 'the luck of a twenty-hitter'? That's you!"

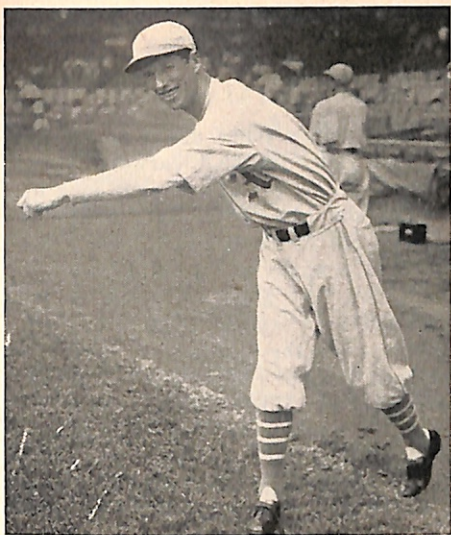
By pure coincidence Klem was relating that tale in the Polo Grounds press box one afternoon just as that same Berres came to bat for the Giants. The batter swung and the ball rocketed off his bat with projectile force, a sure hit—or so it seemed. But the enemy second baseman made an acrobatic, miraculous catch for an out.

"See what I mean?" shouted the Old Arbitrator triumphantly.

The good hitters are luckier than the bad hitters, it is true. But they pound the ball harder and more often, thus forcing their luck. They hit more accurately. Honus Wagner told me he used to aim his shots to either foul-line "cause



A ball player's ball player, Tiger Hall-of-Fame second baseman, Charley Gehring, who was inconspicuous on the diamond until he went after a ground ball or came up to bat.



Lefty Grove, famous fireball pitcher of the Athletics and Red Sox. Five-time winner of the American League pitching championship, Grove's percentage of .886 in 1931 stands as the League record. That year he was almost unbeatable, winning 31 and losing 4.

then there's only one fielder chasin' the ball."

Paul Waner used to amuse the other ball players in batting practice by hitting to right or left as directed. So fiendish was his skill that he made the chalk marks on the foul lines kick up flurries of chalk dust with his hits.

It was no accident that Wagner set a record for the most triples in a season and Waner set one for the most doubles.

What it all amounts to is the law of averages. It works overtime for the better hitters. The bad ones may connect solidly three out of ten times, the good ones eight or nine out of ten.

Never was this more graphically illustrated than when Joe DiMaggio was embarked on his record streak of hitting safely in 56 straight games. I still can remember most vividly a fray at the Yankee Stadium against the White Sox. The Jolter slashed a grounder directly at Shortstop Luke Appling.

Luke swooped down on the ball. But just as he reached for it, the ball hit a pebble, bounced up crazily, caromed off Appling's forehead and trickled into the outfield.

PROBLEM FOR SCORER

Dan Daniel, then the official scorer, hesitated. In ordinary circumstances, he never would have hesitated because this was an obvious hit, a freak hit but an obvious one nevertheless. Because of the DiMaggio streak, however, Dan didn't want charges of favoritism to detract from the Jolter's feat.

Reluctantly he signaled a hit but hoped fervently that the Yankee Clipper would make another solid one in order to get him off the hook. Nor did DiMaggio disappoint. He slammed a homer later on.

"Funny thing about that streak," said DiMaggio musingly to me later on, "was that I got at least one honest hit in every

ball game. Whenever I got a doubtful hit or a freak one, I later was fortunate enough to come through with at least one that never could be questioned. But I had some mighty close calls." He shuddered.

His closest, perhaps, was against the Red Sox with Heber Newsome pitching. DiMag had never batted well against him.

In his first time at bat he hit one a country mile, only to have Stan Spence make a marvelous catch. In his next trip he sent one screaming out to the flagpole in deepest center, only to have his little brother, Dom, spear it after a frantic chase.

DOM WAS IMPOLITE

As the Jolter whimsically remarked afterwards, "It speaks well for the integrity of the game but it didn't seem very polite for my little brother to do that to me—especially since he was coming to my house for dinner that night."

Joe's heart sank when Dom made the catch, though. He'd tagged two robust drives off his old nemesis, Newsome, and to no avail. He didn't figure to clout the ball that well again.

So in his third time at bat he put the ball where no outfielder could catch it—in the stands for a home run.

Ironically enough, his streak came to an end when Ken Keltner of the Indians made two impossible stops of two sure "doubles" down the third base-line. Even the law of averages had deserted DiMaggio—or maybe caught up with him.

But that still is the main difference between the good hitter and the bad one, the law of averages. Assuredly the good hitters are luckier. But the pontifical Branch Rickey, who can explain anything, could explain even that factor.

"Luck is the residue of design," orated Rickey.

You may spend the remainder of the winter, if you wish, in sorting out that fancy chunk of verbiage. But once you break it down into comprehensible little pieces you'll discover that Rickey, as usual, rapped the nail unerringly smack on the head.

There probably isn't a more fascinating phase of baseball than the art of batting. It isn't practiced as scientifically or as expertly now as it was a few decades ago. But arguments about it will never end.

The cracker-barrel philosophers, who gather on cold winter nights in the Hot Stove League for baseball's conversational season, can debate from now until doomsday about batting. None of them ever will come up with all the complete answers because those answers have eluded the smartest men in the sport through the years.

"Luck is the residue of design," says Rickey. Until something better comes along that is the most penetrating explanation of them all. Suppose we let it go at that.

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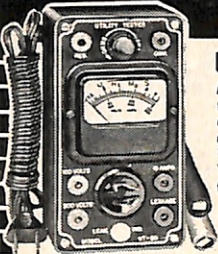
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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 15)

least—as in a sudden crossing of paths with a skunk; or they can even be pathetic.

For instance, many years ago I caught something on a dry fly which has preyed on my mind ever since. It was really a very small event, something I might have forgotten the next day; yet I think of it whenever fishing under similar circumstances and am fearful it may happen again. I was fishing a meadow stream with steep cut banks and as the fly would float from sight under the near bank I would pick it up and recast. On one such pick-up, it struck something solid which struggled feebly. It obviously wasn't a trout. When I looked over the stream's edge, I discovered I had hooked a song sparrow which, naturally enough, had mistaken the floating fly for an insect. He was hooked deeply through the throat and I had to kill him in order to remove the hook.

Just this past summer, after more than 20 years, the same thing almost recurred, but this time I saw it happening and slacked the line at the crucial moment. I was casting a dry fly on a calm lake just at dusk when suddenly a darting bat swooped, picked the fly from the water and started away with it. The weight of the leader as he lifted it from the water forced him to let go, and luckily the hook didn't foul him. He probably thought he had met up with a pretty tough bug that time.

ONE of the most memorable trips it was ever my good fortune to take part in was a big-game hunting expedition in Idaho a few years ago; yet, though I'll never forget a day of it, I didn't fire a single shot. I'm no Dan'l Boone, anyway, when it comes to stalking and slaying four-legged beasts, so I'm neither surprised nor disappointed when I fail to connect. Possibly, if I had gone right out and killed a deer, a bear and whatnot as planned and visualized during the days of preparation, the trip would have been merely routine. As it was, without fulfilling the trip's prime purpose, the expectancy, the hope and the excitement were continued right up until the last moment.

Being the mighty hunter that I am, I had rammed around the woods for several days without seeing anything bigger than a pine squirrel; then one day I was hit with a case of dyspepsia, or something, and couldn't drag myself a quarter of a mile from camp. Instead of hunting eagerly from dawn to dusk, I could do no more than sit quietly for an hour at a time with my rifle across my knees. Of course I saw and heard more during that restful day than during all the remainder of the trip.

I had sat for some time at the base of a sheer cliff admiring the view through

the huge yellow pines about me across the wide valley of the Clearwater River when something prompted me to look up over my shoulder. There on the face of the cliff, not 75 yards away, stood a big billy goat, a nanny and a half-grown kid. The group just filled the scope of my rifle, and as I studied them I couldn't figure out how they got there or how they managed to stand where there was no apparent foothold. They looked like cutouts pasted on sheer rock. This was the only rocky precipice in the vicinity. For miles around they could have roamed where they pleased on solid footing, but, strangely, they preferred to stand on the edge of nothing.

Of course I dug out my copy of the game laws to determine if by chance mountain goats were legal game at that time and place. They were not, or, reading over my shoulder as these three goats seemed to be doing, they would have left promptly. As it was, they remained there placidly and almost motionless for about an hour, seemingly admiring the view as much as I was.

Later that day I was sitting alongside a talus slide enjoying the antics of a bunch of humorous little haymakers, provident rodents which make and store hay for the winter, when I glanced up and saw two black, beady eyes staring at me from between two rocks. When a man is supposed to be the hunter, it gives him a bit of a start to discover he is being watched, especially when he can't determine to whom or what the watching eyes belong. All I could see was a patch of butter-yellow fur surrounding the black eyes. I eased my rifle to my shoulder to get a close-up look through the four-power scope and just got it in position when the thing whirled and left. As it did, I caught a glimpse of its white-tipped yellow brush. It was merely an unusual color variation of fox, a hungry one who was also interested in haymakers, but from a gourmet's viewpoint.

The fox, although one of our most numerous animals, is rarely seen. Only once have I happened on one which was not alert. He didn't know I was around and didn't care, simply because he was so busy feeling sorry for himself. We were fishing the Ausable River when we heard a couple of foxes squalling and squabbling. Again putting together a story through the sound effects, we guessed that the two of them had discovered a nest of fledgling robins and were fighting over the spoils. Almost as noisy as the foxes were the parent robins scolding them. We were on a path leading down to the river, and the fight was taking place just below us. Suddenly there was a splash and the fighting stopped. We remained perfectly still, and soon, with the robins still dive-bombing him, up the path came the fox which

had taken the dunking. He was the sorriest-looking critter I've ever seen. His body was soaked so that the fur clung to it and showed him in his true size, not much bigger than a jackrabbit; yet his head and ruff and his brush were still dry and fluffy so that it threw him completely out of proportion. Looking at the ground at his feet and grumbling to himself over his sad plight, he almost walked right into our legs. He looked so comical that he should have been embarrassed.

At one time or another I've seen just about every wild animal in North America, but not by their choice. Most of them, big and little, are as flighty as a cottontail where man is concerned. Only once have I seen one that was defiant, one which not only didn't run but wanted to make something of it. It wasn't a half-ton bear, as might be expected, but a half-pint creature I could have put in my pocket. We had been fishing an Adirondack pond and had left a stringer of bass down by shore consisting of several one-pound smallmouths and a big four-pound largemouth. After about an hour I went down from camp to clean and scale a couple for dinner, but I discovered that a mink had established prior claim and wasn't going to relinquish his rights. It was the largemouth he wanted and he was determined to have it. I actually had to drive him off several times before he gave up, and then the way he looked at me with his little buckshot eyes he was probably thinking that if I weren't so big he'd soon show me whose cow ate the cabbage.

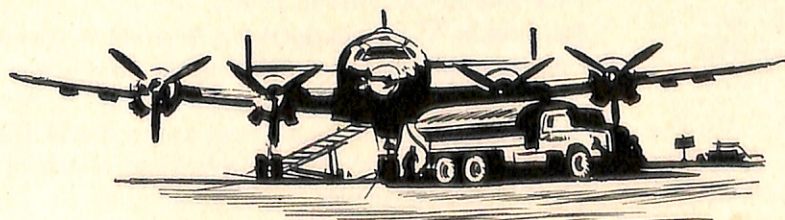
THE Alaskan brown bear seems almost human at times—in his moods at least. Occasionally he's a terror, willing and able to fly into a death-dealing rage on the slightest provocation. Again he may be almost kittenish. One of his pastimes when in a playful mood is to slide down a mud bank, like a kid at a playground, into a pool of water. I saw such a brown-bear slide once. It was cut deep into the high bank of the pool below Hasselberg Falls on Admiralty Island. We had gone there to fish and were eager, as only fishermen can be, when we arrived. However, we immediately discovered the churned earth, still fresh and rank, where the giant bear, belly full of salmon, had slid into the pool, and our eagerness wilted. We went ahead and tried to fish. We had walked a long way for it, and we weren't afraid of a little old bear anyway; but it was too much to try to concentrate on a trout fly while

visualizing a big brown bear sliding down the bank on the seat of his pants like a two-ton truck out of control on an icy hill. We didn't catch any fish, as I remember, but we didn't regret the trip. We learned how awesome the mere proximity of one of these magnificent animals can be, something more exciting than catching all the fish in the pool.

IT'S SUCH unusual and unexpected incidents which capture first place in our memory, in time shadowing the normal success of a hunting or fishing trip. Maybe it's a sudden snowstorm in high country, or a nest of yellowjackets that broke up a packstring, or maybe it's being treed by an irate bull, or being scared silly while night-fishing when a beaver announces his presence by slapping with his tail the quiet water directly behind you. These are the things I remember more vividly than the fish or game brought home.

For instance, a bass-fishing trip that stands out in my memory resulted in no bass at all. We were kids and several of us were putting in a Saturday afternoon plugging Kensico Reservoir north of White Plains, New York. Things were slower than usual when I spotted a tremendous carp wallowing in the mud of a shallow cove. Having nothing better to do, I dropped a plug over his back, snagged him and dragged him ashore like a bag of oats. He was a colossal carp, weighing at least 30 pounds.

There was no bass-fishing anyway, so we decided to give our casting arms a rest and have some fun with the carp. With our rods in one hand, two of us grabbed him by the gills and dragged him up to Route 22, the highway from the city. It wasn't five minutes before we had traffic tied in knots. Bug-eyed and open-mouthed New Yorkers crowded around us oohing and ahing. One of the fellows with a little imagination told them it was a brown trout, undoubtedly a record. They swallowed that so well that when we collected a new crowd he informed them with authority that it was a rare species of northern tarpon. Things were going at their best and we were basking in the full glory of their praise when a little leathery-faced character stuck his head through the circle of admirers. "Huh, I see you got fouled with a slimy carp," he said, wrinkling his nose. "They ought to poison the blasted things out, although I guess they do make good fertilizer." And so burst our bubble of fame, and we returned to catching no bass.




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editorial

MODERN EVIL



Until recently, many in America and abroad indulged themselves in the wishful thought that the unfortunate people subjected to Soviet domination in small countries bordered by the Iron Curtain would rise up and by their action cause an ebb in the Red tide.

They rested their hopes on the proud spirit of Estonians, Latvians and Lithuanians, trapped but unconquered. They looked to the militant Germans, the stout Poles, the song-loving Austrians, the proud Czechs, the high-tempered citizens of Balkan lands. They counted on lovers of freedom in oppressed lands to throw off their yoke. Tito's break with the Cominform was interpreted by them as the beginning of a chain reaction which would involve other satellites.

In the article, "Russia's Weapon of Satellitism", published in our last issue, W. B. Courtney presented a summation which gives strong support to opposing argument. Rather than smouldering in resentment, he made clear, the resistance of dominated citizens is being stamped out by the planned campaign of destruction of private property, elimination of the middle class and disintegration of those institutions and affiliations which unite one individual with another.

In place of religious, fraternal and family life, instead of civic organizations, sports clubs and labor unions, the Red masters superimpose Fear and Education. With the one they repress the adults who knew unfettered life and recognize the crass enslavement visited upon them. With the other, they fashion the young to serve as pawns in their monstrous plan—the recurrent mad desire for world domination.

One important point that Mr. Courtney emphasized is that time, rather than working for the victims, appears to be on the side of the enslavers. The longer the Red occupation continues, the more young are raised on the only tainted mental food available to them.

It becomes more apparent daily that we must remove wishful thinking from the formula of our foreign policy. Some people will persist in it, like folks who make day-dreaming a habit. Already they are saying: "Perhaps the satellites are lost, but probably Red China, finally aware of its power, will prove at least a problem child of the Kremlin, if not a Frankenstein."

Plainly, vague dreams will not draw us a sharp pattern for security. It will take practical objective

thought and the galvanized union of all to devise a sound purposeful course. And it will require the full efforts of wide-awake patriotic Americans like the Elks to carry into effect as speedily as possible a design for security.

WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION



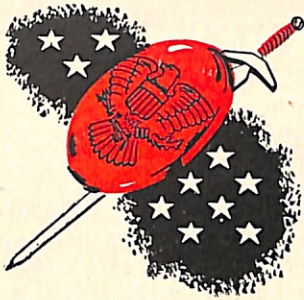
Despite Soviet Russia's refusal to cooperate in the United Nations to bring peace to the world, the free nations have made notable progress in improving mankind's lot by working together in the World Health Organization, an agency of the UN.

This is evidenced by the report on the Third World Health Assembly of the WHO, which met last May in Geneva, Switzerland, presented by Dr. Edward J. McCormick, PGER, in a recent issue of the "Journal of the American Medical Association." Dr. McCormick was one of a delegation of six who represented the United States. Fifty-seven nations were represented, nearly all of the non-communist states. The Soviet bloc boycotted the Assembly, as it customarily, and arbitrarily boycotts constructive measures proposed by the proponents of the course of freedom.

Confronted by enormous health problems in many areas in the wake of World War II, the WHO assigned priorities to the most urgent ones—malaria, maternal and child health, tuberculosis, environmental sanitation, venereal disease and nutrition. Typical of the results that have been achieved, after the island of Ceylon was dusted with DDT the death rate there fell from 21 to 14.3 per 1,000 in a single year; the incidence of malaria fell sharply and the incidence of other diseases also was reduced. As a further example, cases of malaria in Greece fell nearly 98 per cent as a result of aid from the WHO and the U. S.

The Third Assembly enlarged this program by adding pestilential diseases such as plague, cholera, yellow fever, smallpox and typhus, to the list to receive prior attention at the hands of modern science. The Assembly also adopted 39 new international standards for biological products—vaccines, vitamins, antibiotics and as well as other biologicals.

Thus, while Communism, the self-heralded friend of the downtrodden, works to destroy, the free nations of the world work together to build, to improve. As Dr. McCormick pointed out in his report, the World Health Organization's program is an essential part of the efforts of freedom-loving peoples to create conditions which will promote lasting peace.



While one might be inclined to regard all communists and fellow travelers as, at least, potential spies, there are enough non-convicted and confessed spies to cause one to wonder when suddenly it may be learned that a neighbor, a friend, yes, perhaps a member of ones

own family, may be a communist spy.

J. Edgar Hoover states that there are 55,000 communists in our country.

Every communist is a potential spy or saboteur. It has been definitely established by authorities on the subject that a communist takes his orders from a foreign power and recognizes no obligation of loyalty to the United States.

And so, we have here 55,000 potential (if not at the moment active) spies or saboteurs.

Any one of our one million members may, without realizing it, be in contact with one or more of them.

What can the ordinary citizen do? He can keep his eyes and ears open to see any suspicious actions; to hear any talk or other sounds that might justify suspicion.

When the shadows of the second world war were creeping over us, the Elks National Defense Commission communicated with Mr. Hoover asking what the members of the Order could do to help in national defense.

He replied:—

"I appreciate very much the desire of the Elks to be of service to our country during the present emergency.

"Your members can be of very real assistance by promptly reporting to the nearest office of the F. B. I. any and all information coming to your attention indicating a violation of our espionage, sabotage or related laws."

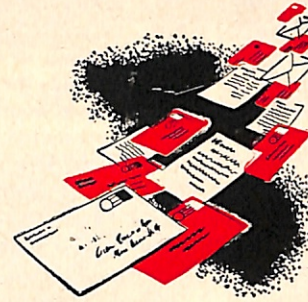
Mr. Hoover is saying the same thing today.

He appeals to all American citizens to give any information of subversive activities to the nearest F. B. I. office.

We are not expected as individuals to do any investigating ourselves. The F. B. I. will attend to that now as it has in the past.

In giving the F. B. I. such information as may have reached one relative to a suspect, do not be fearful that an injustice may be done an innocent person.

The F. B. I. doesn't work that way. Slowly, efficiently, patiently they consider information, follow each lead, exhaust each possibility and come to no conclusion, enter no charge, until the evidence is conclusive.



A number of striking instances of endorsement and wide readership have been accorded *The Elks Magazine* in recent months.

Foremost among them was the action of Senator Pat McCarran in obtaining the consent of his colleagues to have the article,

"Why We have Communists", which was published in our September, 1950, issue, copied in the Congressional Record.

The same article, reporting Bruno Shaw's interviews with General Dwight D. Eisenhower, F. B. I. Director J. Edgar Hoover and Dr. Richard Brickner was reprinted in full in the *Boston Globe*. It was quoted from liberally on the editorial page of the Twin Falls, Idaho, *Times-News*. The three newspapers of New Hampshire's capital, Manchester, brought the article to the notice of their 76,732 readers. The *Sunday Standard-Times* presented it to 45,608 New Bedford, Massachusetts, citizens. WJZ commentator Nancy Craig gave generous time to it in her radio talk. Other newspapers and persons in positions of influence, too numerous to list, treated the article editorially and wrote us enthusiastic comments in requesting reprints for distribution.

That was but one, if an outstanding, example of recognition of an article carried recently in your national publication.

Saginaw, Michigan, Lodge of Elks approved another article in our series focusing attention on Communism so heartily that its officers applied for enough reprints of "Foe to Freedom", in the October issue, to have one placed by members of the lodge in every home in their city.

Messages of good will come to us regularly from members who write us for one reason or another and take opportunity to add a word of warm encouragement. Many lodges have gone on record very recently with special expressions of approval and endorsement directed both to their members and to the Magazine office. Lodge Secretaries, with whom we are in constant contact, often send memorandums of appreciation of our efforts, sentiments which we reciprocate warmly.

Our heavy mail has contained, as well, letters of constructive criticism, the kind which are described in the trade as the lifeblood of any publication and which always are an inspiration.

For all this stimulating notice, *The Elks Magazine* expresses its fervent appreciation, with pride in these evidences of its being a fitting medium of expression for a great Order, and with resolve to bend greater efforts to prove worthy of its mission.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 13)

After a pleasant sojourn with the members of **LEBANON LODGE NO. 631**, Mr. Kyle and his official party arrived at **WAYNESBORO LODGE NO. 731** on Dec. 1st, to mark the first time a Grand Exalted Ruler visited that branch of the Order in its 49 years. Fêted at a banquet attended by more than 200 Elks, Mr. Kyle was the principal speaker and had the pleasure of greeting the lodge's two surviving Charter Members, Frank C. Cunningham and Samuel D. Hockman. Later, the Grand Exalted Ruler met the fine Elk family of Past Dist. Pres. J. M. Foreman, P.E.R., who presented his sons, Robert and Melbourn, his son-in-law, Ralph Stoops, and his nephew, Carl F. Foreman, to Mr. Kyle.

Back in his home State on Dec. 4th, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of **FORT WAYNE, IND., LODGE, NO. 155**, at a reception and banquet at which the following luminaries of Elkdom were present: Grand Secy. J. Edgar Masters, State Pres. Thomas E. Burke, State Supreme Court Justice Paul G. Jasper, P.D.D. Amos L. Jockel and E.R. Durward M. Morris and his fellow officers.

On the 6th, **VINCENNES, IND., LODGE, NO. 291**, was honored with the presence of the Order's leader at a reception and dinner when about 250 Elks and their ladies were served. The famous Indiana Elks Chanters entertained, as did the Barbershop Chorus sponsored by the host lodge, and its own Elks Quartet.

The following day was quite an eventful one. Scheduled to visit **MUSKEGON, MICH., LODGE, NO. 274**, for luncheon, Mr. Kyle was delayed by a severe snowstorm and did not arrive there until five p.m.

The meeting, nevertheless, was most enjoyable, and the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an inspiring address. E.R. E. F. Brown presented to Mr. Kyle a star, symbolic of the tree dedicated to the Order's leader in the magnificent Elks Park which is owned by the Muskegon Lodge. That evening he was due at **MANISTEE LODGE NO. 250** for dinner with about 300 Elks and civic leaders, practically all of whom made it except the guest of honor. After his car skidded off the highway many miles from his destination, Mr. Kyle had to forego completing the 90-mile trip and returned to Muskegon.

Because of a tight schedule, the Grand Exalted Ruler was unable to make the Manistee visit at all, in order to keep his appointments at **DECATUR, IND., JOLIET, ILL., and LAKEWOOD, CLEVELAND, EUCLID, BEREA and ASHTABULA, OHIO, Lodges.**

On Dec. 11th, over 250 Elks assembled at the home of **CONNEAUT, OHIO, LODGE, NO. 256**, for a seven-hour program which featured a reception, dinner and lodge session. Introduced by P.E.R. George D. Kingdom, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a moving address, later paying tribute to Henry Culp, an Elk for more than 50 years. Brief remarks were also made by Cyril A. Kremser, a member of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and D.D. Russell E. Myers. One of the largest classes in the lodge's history—50 men—was initiated that evening in honor of Mr. Kyle.

The next day the Order's leader was

the luncheon guest of **YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, LODGE, NO. 55**. Welcomed officially by Mayor C. P. Henderson, a member of the lodge, and E.R. C. L. Donahue, Mr. Kyle was introduced to approximately 200 Elks and their ladies.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was honored at a reception given by the Elks of **WARREN LODGE NO. 295** on the 12th, preceding a dinner and meeting at **SALEM LODGE, NO. 305**. Open house and luncheon were on the agenda for the 13th at **ALLIANCE LODGE NO. 467** and brief visits were made to **BARBERTON** and **MASSILLON** Lodges. Dinner that evening was a pleasant affair with the members of **CANTON LODGE NO. 68** as gracious hosts.

KENT LODGE NO. 1377 welcomed Mr. Kyle at breakfast and morning reception on the 14th, followed by a stopover at **RAVENNA, Lodge** and open house at **PAINESVILLE LODGE NO. 549**, a tour of the city, and a reception, dinner and lodge meeting in the evening.

Dec. 15th was a gala day for **NEW PHILADELPHIA LODGE NO. 510**, when more than 250 Elks heard Mr. Kyle's spirited address at a dinner meeting, at which he was introduced by D.D. Robert F. Meese. Charter Member E. A. Burri was signally honored on this occasion, when Mr. Kyle presented to him a 50-year membership pin in recognition of his nearly 52 years of service to the Order. With this well-arranged meeting, Mr. Kyle wound up his taxing five-day tour of the 17 lodges of the Ohio Northeast District.

Right: Officers and members of Kokomo, Ind., Lodge pictured with Mr. Kyle and D.D. Benton Earl Gates, seated fourth and fifth from left.



Left: When he visited New Orleans, La., Lodge, Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle made a pilgrimage to the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan to place a wreath there in his memory. Left to right: Special D.D. W. A. Rexer, Past Grand Tiler Sidney Freudenstein, Mr. Kyle, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, Mr. Sullivan's son-in-law, Dr. Gardiner, and La. State Pres. Roy Yerby.

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